

# THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

NO. 19.

MADOC. (HASTINGS CO., C.W.) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Nothing of special interest has occurred during the past week in Virginia. The Federals have been busily employed in repairing the damages recently done to their railway communications. While Meade was changing the position of his forces, in order to protect the workmen engaged in reconstructing the Orange and Alexandria railroad, a demonstration was made by the enemy against the Sixth Corps, but nothing was accomplished beyond driving the pickets a short distance. The Confederates are supposed to be in strong force south of the Rappahannock. Another attempt is soon to be made by Meade to drive them further from the capital.

Refugees and prisoners positively assert that Lee has despatched a large force to Lynchburg, Va., to co-operate with Bragg against Burnside. Intelligence has also been received from Chattanooga, via Nashville, that a portion of Bragg's army, under Longstreet, is marching up the valley of the Tennessee river, with the intention of operating against Burnside, but it is not considered altogether reliable.

The Confederates have been driven from their position on Lookout Mountain, which enabled them to harass the communication of the Federals in Chattanooga with their base of supplies very seriously. In the first place, the Confederates were flanked by a detachment under Col. Stanley, of the 11th Ohio, being floated down the river on pontoons, in face of the enemy's sharpshooters; and subsequently they were attacked by 2,000 of Palmer's division, under Gen. Hazen, who lost only five killed and fifteen wounded in wresting the mountain from the Confederates. The chances of starving the Federals out of Chattanooga are now very much diminished.

The bombardment of Charleston was re-opened on Monday, the 26th ult. Each of the heavy guns threw one shell containing Greek fire into the very heart of the city. The Southerners did not reply very vigorously at first, and the practice of their guns is said to be inferior to that exhibited a few weeks ago. The firing on the Northern side is of course reported to be excellent, and every shot effective. Yet the old story is revived, on both sides, of "nobody hurt," and no damage done. The land forces alone were engaged. The object of the attack was to get a perfect range of the enemy's works, and to prevent the construction of any interior batteries, and the mounting of any more guns in Sumter.

The torpedo steamer with which the attempt was made to destroy the Ironsides was not sunk, as was at first supposed, but drifted away in the darkness, and was taken back safely to Charleston by the two men who remained on board. Experiments have been made with another torpedo, which can be entirely submerged, but two trials have already resulted in drowning the crews.

Since the commencement of the war, the whole number of fighting men called for by the President is as follows:—First call, 75,000; second, 500,000; third, 300,000; fourth, 300,000; fifth, 450,000; sixth, 450,000—total, 2,075,000. In the last two calls the numbers set down are the original calls, each for 500,000, increased by the fifty per cent to be added by the drafting officers in accordance with the conscription law. Considering the percentage of men unfit for military duty, and the fact that the total of the several calls is in number about two-thirds of the male vote in the North for President in 1860, we are

the men in the North capable of doing military duty.  
*Detroit Free Press.*

signals are all destroyed. After setting on fire Prince Satsuma's three steamers, the British fleet returned to Yokohama.

**THE SEIZURE OF THE RAMS IN THE MERSEY.**—The Americans are so elated at the seizure of the supposed "rebel" rams in the Mersey, by order of Earl Russell, that some of them "would not now be surprised if the Alabama should be seized, and detained at the first convenient opportunity, in a British port," until her national character is fully settled. This course would not only gratify the people of the U.S., they say, but they feel sure would also meet the views of an enlightened public sentiment in Great Britain!

It is rather too late in the day to interfere with the Alabama, unless guilty of some flagrant depredations on British property; and however anxious Earl Russell may be to gratify the Americans, he will scarcely risk the loss of office to do so by yielding to this hint. It appears from the following remarks in the Liverpool Albion, about the detention of the ram, that he has already gone too far in that matter to suit the sentiments of some portion of the British public.—

"But if Earl Russell is satisfied, we feel pretty sure that England is not, and we doubt extremely whether, had Parliament been sitting, the menaces of America would have been thus attended to. Whatever is in accordance with law, domestic or international, by that we are ready to be bound, even in despite of our sympathies; but we are sure that England is not intent to be bullied into altering their laws; Yankee braggarts, and the half-hearted Englishmen who support them, will find out their mistake whenever the sense of this country has an opportunity of expressing itself. Already have the latter, by showing that democratic principles are dearer to their hearts than the dignity and greatness of England, and, we have no doubt, they will continue the sacrifice to the object of their affections; but of this, at least, we are certain, that the great body of English liberals, if they must make a choice, will prefer to see the honour of their country safe in the hands of Lord Derby and a strong Tory administration, to having it dragged through insult and humiliation in the nerveless grasp of Earl Russell."

The large class whose opinions are influenced by the teachings of the radical London Weekly Dispatch are as indignant at Earl Russell's action as the most ultra of the "aristocratic" sympathizers with the South, and certainly seem quite inclined to overthrow the Palmerston administration for its alleged want of pluck.

The Vanderbilt has arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in pursuit of the Alabama, which will probably slip off at the earliest opportunity, without seeking an engagement. Perhaps she may not have an early chance, and then we shall see whether American expectations of her detention by order of the British Government will be realized.

**FROM JAPAN.**—The reported "defeat of the British fleet" has again appeared in the American papers, a large type being used to attract the eye to the here by no means unwelcome news. The intelligence came by way of San Francisco, from a Russian who obtained it from Spanish sources, which probably accounts for some confusion and contradiction in the story, which represents the British Admiral, when engaged, as towing all his vessels out of range, although the Japanese claim to have destroyed the greater part of the fleet. From England, we learn, however, that if defeated at Nagasoma, Admiral Super has done some damage to Nagasoma. On arriving there and failing to obtain the satisfaction demanded, he besieged the city and levelled it to the ground. It is to the conclusion that these calls require all one mass of ruins. The palace, the factories and

DRY GOOD  
WAR IN INDIA.—England has another Eastern trouble on hand. The North-Western districts of British India, known as the Panjab, has been invaded by the sons of the late Dost I. Shah, with an army of seven thousand men. British troops have been hastened to the scene of hostilities, and further intelligence is awaited with interest. Americans imagine England to be in a state of intense anxiety, lest there should be another "rebellion." The last was only a great military raiding, and not a national insurrection, and there is little probability of a general rising of the various native tribes.

**POLAND.**—While the Polish rebellion is still in consideration by Austria, France and England, Russia continues to pour more troops into that unhappy country, and is trending out the smallest remnant of Polish nationality, by formally annexing to her Empire proper, certain districts of Poland, and appointing Mouravieff as their Governor.

The Czari sky band has been completely destroyed near Lublin. The Hotel de Ville at Warsaw had been set on fire by ane demented and consumed. All officials of Polish descent have been replaced by Russians.

**U.S. CAISSES ORDERED OUT OF BAHAMAS PORTS.**—A telegram from Washington states that the U. S. armed vessels George Washington and Ethan Allen, engaged in cruising among the British islands, have been summarily ordered from some of the ports of Prince Edward's Island. A private letter from an officer attached to the former vessel, states that when at Charlottetown an order came from the Governor requiring both vessels to put to sea on proclamation in the name of the Queen having been issued making the demand, which was promptly complied with. U. S. Treasury notes are at a heavy discount at the various ports of those islands. Ship supplies and stores can only be obtained by the payment of coin.

**BLOCKADE OF THE MEXICAN COAST.**—France has given official notice that from the 6th of September last an efficient blockade of Mexico will be established and maintained by the French naval forces.

**THE BELLEVILLE LEAD MINE.**—Last week it was reported that a workman employed in digging on the land lately purchased by Mr. H. Elvins, on the park estate, near the town of Belleville, had found a quantity of lead, in the metallic state, amounting to about 40 to 60 lbs. weight. We were shown a mass of the lead so found, a mass of some 4 lbs. It had the appearance of having been melted, and poured into a hole in rough ground, and subsequently hammered on the sides, or of having been cut off from a larger mass. We were assured that it was exactly in the state in which it was found, and that the ground did not appear to have been previously disturbed. It appeared to be like a relic of some early human occupation, or of some building which had occupied the site and been buried up long ago. We hope however that Mr. Elvins will carry out his intention of making further explorations.

**WOODSBURY.**—

# NEW AND CHEAP GOODS

ARRIVING AT

## THE MADOC HOUSE,

COMPRISING

**DRY GOODS,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**CROCKERY,**  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
&c., &c., &c.

### CHEAP FOR READY PAYMENT

### NEW AND EXTENSIVE STOCK

**ELEGANT & FASHIONABLE  
DRESS GOODS,**  
At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

**CHEAP SHAWLS & CAPES.**  
At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

Newest Styles of  
**CLOTHES,**  
At **Low Prices,**  
At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

### CHEAP

**TEAS & SUGARS,**  
At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S**

**COMPLETE STOCKS OF NEW & STYLES OF  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S**

**HATS AND CAPS,**  
At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
At **UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICES.**

At **WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

If you want to lay out your Money  
to advantage,

**CALL AT**

**WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

## THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS

A Weekly Journal of Local and General Information.

Will be published every Saturday morning, at Five Cents a Copy, or One Dollar a Year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:

Six lines, first insertion	50
Each subsequent insertion	12 1/2
4x to ten lines, first insertion	70
Each subsequent insertion	10
Above ten lines (per line) first insertion	0 05
Each subsequent insertion, per line	0 02

All Communications for the MERCURY to be addressed, (post-paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, Madoc Post Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, Madoc, where Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their copies, and orders for the paper and advertisements will obligingly be received.

or SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Parliamentary buildings at Ottawa: there being upwards of 800 men employed on them.

The steamer *Passport*, soon after leaving the wharf at Kingston on the night of the 1st inst., struck bottom, and before proceeding was discovered to be leaking fast. She was immediately put about, and succeeded in reaching the wharf, where she sank in 17 feet of water. Passengers all saved.



## THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

From the earnestness with which the *Hastings Chronicle* is advocating the construction of a railroad from Belleville to the recently discovered copper mines in the township of Lake, the question may perhaps soon come before the public in a practical shape, and then possibly the cause will be explained why the formerly projected route through the Moira Valley, which would have taken Madoc on the way to the Marmora Iron works, has been so completely dropped. We have heard hints that fears the trade of the villages would be destroyed had something to do with damping the ardour with which the project was at first taken up, but we do not believe that practical men of business entertain such an idea. They know too well that those places go ahead the most which have the easiest and most frequent means of communication with other parts of the world, and that even if some branch of business seeks a more suitable location in consequence of greater facilities being afforded, the increase of local trade of other kinds more than counterbalances the loss. We have also heard farmers, when told that a railroad would increase the value of their lands, express the opinion that it would augment their taxes also, and consequently they were not in favour of it. If the County is to be taxed for the construction of a steam-worked railroad, with its costly foundation and expensive engines, and well-paid Chairman and Board of Directors, surveyors and solicitors, then the objection is not unreasonable, as very few such railroads have proved profitable to their shareholders. We do not think that the whole of the mining and agricultural products of these back townships, for years to come,

will be sufficient to make their transportation pay the expenses of such a road. If however those who wish to see a better mode of traffic than can be afforded by gravel roads extended through the County will be content with a good sunken-groove tramway in the first instance, it would not be very difficult to convince all who look most keenly after their own interests, that whether tradesmen or farmers, they would be directly and greatly benefited by the construction of a road which would enable them to move their merchandise and produce to market so much more economically and easily than by the old fashioned country teams.

### A WOLF KILLED NEAR MARMORA

On Sunday, the 25th ult., as two young ladies (the Misses Champion) of Marmora were going to church, they were met, when about half a mile distant from home, by a large, powerful wolf. When first discovered, he was only about six or eight feet from them, and seemed to be pouncing to attack them, growling and gnashing his teeth in a fearful manner. One of the ladies had the presence of mind to pick up some stones, and kept the animal at bay until they managed to get past. After walking a short distance, they made a slight detour to avoid the wolf, and returned to the house to obtain the assistance of Mr. David Fitchet, who happened to be there at that time. They arrived at the house quite exhausted from the race, as the wolf was in pursuit of them.

Their appeal to Mr. Fitchet was not in vain. He turned out manfully to do his devoir on behalf of the ladies, armed with a gun, and accompanied by a couple of large dogs. On returning, they met the wolf about a hundred yards from the house, he having evidently followed them all out to their door. Mr. F. immediately attempted to fire, but found to his great disappointment that the gun would not go off. The dogs immediately attacked the wolf, which ran off, when they gave chase, and pursued him for about half a mile, when he attempted to leap a fence, but missed his footing and fell on his back. One of the dogs—a large, terrier—then seized him by the back in such a way that he was rendered quite powerless. Mr. F. shortly came to the dogs' assistance. After numerous ineffectual attempts had been made to discharge the gun, one of the ladies picked up a stick about two feet long, and gave it to him, saying, "this is a more efficient weapon than the gun." At that instant the wolf freed himself from the dog, but before he could gather for a spring, Mr. Fitchet gave him a stunning blow on the head, and with the usual repetitions speedily despatched him.

### A BEAR AND CUB KILLED.

A week or two since, Mr. Sample, who resides near Beaver Creek, on the Hastings Road, accidentally met two old bears, accompanied by a couple of cubs, which walked off as soon as they observed him. The cubs soon ascended a tree, while the old ones went on. After a short stay, the cubs began to descend again, when Mr. Sample attempted to detain them there by waving his cap and shouting. While thus engaged, he suddenly heard a growl at his elbow, and found on turning his head, that the old bear had unexpectedly returned, and were intently watching his proceedings, with no friendly eye. The situation had become quite exciting, and as the best mode of extricating himself, he dashed his cap in the face of one of the animals, which immediately snatched it from him, and at once walked off with its prize. Sample then struck the other on the mouth with his fist, cutting one of his fingers severely with the force of the blow in its teeth. He called to his boys to bring his gun, and finally succeeded in killing one of the bears and one of the cubs. He brought their skins to the village, and disposed of them to Mr. D. O. Fynn.

AMERICAN NEWS.—There has been more fighting in the neighbourhood of Chattanooga, the Confederates having made an attack on Gen. Hooker's command on the night of the 28th ult. They were repulsed, leaving behind them 1,030 prisoners and 1,000 English rifled and smooth-bore muskets, &c. The commandants of the army of the Cumberland are said to be in danger of interruption from a combined force of rebel cavalry, numbering 15,000.



## THE BRIDE OF ORANIENBERG.

(Continued)

The Grand-Duchess proved a strange companion—so pryingly intimate, so coldly distant. As the two stitched and stitched, she screwed out of her needlemate every particular of Helen's mother's early death, of her father's subsequent dissipation, of the hard profligacy of the woman under whose fascinations he had fallen. She screwed out of the candid and clear-hearted English girl, how narrowly she had escaped a marriage with a cousin; how lonely she had been at Schleitersheim (though she had gone to New Year's balls there, with diamond hearts in her shoe-roses)—her passionate delight at being sought for, and set free, by one so gifted, and so far above her, as her husband.

"I wish," Helen said, with deep, simple earnestness, "how I wish I was worthy of my husband!"

"Why, Baloness," was the dry answer, "you are a poetess; all brides are till they find what all find. Supposing your husband unfaithful to you—what then?"

"I should die," said the English bride. "And you—not that such a calamity can ever come near either of us—what then?"

"He should die!" said the cold, handsome woman. "By the way," said the Duchess, when the session broke up, "this is tiresome for two women, when they have once told each other all their histories" (she had never told hers to Helen, though). "I shall get some one to read to us while we embroider. There's a young English nobleman just arrived, who knows your husband, he says, and has great recommendations to mine. While the men are at their politics, he will be at a loss. He shall come and read 'Macbeth' to us. You know we understand Shakspeare more deeply in Germany than you do in England."

Helen had not bargained to find Reginald installed in the closet of the upright Grand-Duchess as a daily inmate. But there he was next day, with his book; and what was stranger, the paragon of propriety regarded him with a covert complacency and open patronage such as she bestow on few.

"Abai! You see, Helen, dear," was his opening greeting, "there's no throwing me off! Where you go, I follow—the shadow after the sun. But you need not be afraid of me now, with your grand old Baron to look up to and take care of you; and be wide, Fair's a new man. Now, Madam, if it will give you pleasure to hear me, I am at your service! My cousin will tell you afterwards how ill I read, and will make game of us to the Grand-Duke when he gets tired of his politics and wants a little change."

Helen did not notice the bile which rose in the great lady's eye; but she did remark the unusually gracious smile with which the Grand-Duchess motioned the English soap-grace to take his place beside them.

"My wife has tired you out already with her church-work," said an unexpected and unwelcome visitor, who presented himself before Helen two mornings later, and whom Stieglitz dared not keep out. "Heaven! it was a great stroke, my wife's laying hands on your cousin the instant he got here, by way of entertaining you, and keeping you fast to your sewing. As I said to that dear old fellow of yours, the Duchess and not you ought to have married him, for indeed it would be hard to say whether the Duchess or he has the better head for contrivance. And if that had been the case, I might..."

Helen had risen from her chair very coldly, before her husband came in.

"George, dear old fellow, my better self. I was just going to tell your adorable wife, that while you are away we will do something better, in the way of art, among us, than copying ridiculous old patterns for Saint Prudentia. I have sent a courier to Munich for Melchior to come and take your lady's portrait."

"While you are away?" repeated the young wife, drawing to her husband, and trembling. "Going away? Going to leave me?"

"It must be so, I fear, for a few weeks, Helen."

"And I could not go with you?"

"Not without causing me great additional anxiety. Here you will be safe, in the midst of friends." (There was a trace of pain in his voice, as his head turned slightly towards the Grand-Duke, who professed not to hear; who did not go; but remained yawning and arranging his moustache before a glass). "No, dearest, I could not wish you to go with me."

She became as pale as snow; but, an instant afterwards the colour flushed up into her cheek and brow, for she was scolding (little more than a child) what she heard of the Oranienberg women, who had helped, not hampered, their lords, in times of anxiety. So George was silent, and she said no more.

The Baron had marked the struggle on her face.

"Alas! he had begun to be haunted with a grey fancy that his wife's words and wishes did not always keep tune with the other. No vulgar jealousy lurked in the idea. He was, as yet, secure of her duty and loyalty to him; but what if she had been too hasty—what if her heart would wander elsewhere—to that old, beautiful, boy-lover?—... His fancy had never reverted to the Prince for a passing moment, because he knew the Grand Duke's folly and Helen's nobleness.

The Grand-Duke, too, had marked the struggle on Helen's face; and he, too, came to a conclusion—suggested by ducal consciousness of his own irresistible charms—that her words and wishes might not be in tune.

Not one of the Oranienberg women of old had seen her lord ride to the wars, with a heavier heart than the heart of the poor, pretty English bride. But she must not distress him, even if she were left defenceless, and she to herself; so she hardened herself up when he was gone, and, while her heart travelled with him every hour of every day towards the frontier, and counted the moments between the arrival of courier and courier, sent lovingly back to her with words of cheer—she showed no dim eyes, no pale cheeks;—she did not parade her loneliness by rushing to court, nor her misgivings by straying away. But, after a few evenings, it became rather fearful to dance with the Grand-Duke her one dance: (the Grand-Duke would vainly have danced seven with her) when the eyes of his wife had to be passed; while to take refuge with the Grand-Duchess was impossible, so purposefully did that lady summon to them Reginald, and so distastefully did he creep nearer and nearer to the solitary bride's car, as her only relative there, her natural companion and protector. Once or twice she repelled him without ceremony; once she appealed to the hard, inscrutable Grand-Duchess with an courtesy that she would interfere, and that by showing less regard to her English cousin, she would bring her cousin and herself, too, more rarely together. "Reginald's manner," Helen said, "meant nothing, but she did not like it."

"O, neither does the Grand-Duke!" was the silent answer; and the bilious eyes shone a more baleful light than ever.

All this was intolerable enough, but the days were wearing over. Oranienberg's return would now take place within six weeks at the utmost, and every day brought its courier and its letter; but might not the writer have taken some warmer heed of her impulsive words in reply? He could not be—No, not changing—but growing a little colder.

One morning there came no courier from the Baron. No more couriers came to court from the Baron after that morning.

Ten nights after the beginning of this pause—it was high July—a figure, more closely mantled than befitting so sultry a midnight, crept stealthily under the wall of the terrace which ran beneath the windows of the grand apartments of the palace, and communicated, by a fantastic staircase through a sort of boudoir, with the upper story. The grated door of this boudoir was always locked at dusk. In opaque windows on the upper story there burned a dim light. Once, a shadow was seen to cross this light.

The intruder paused, listened, drew a deep breath, in which there was something like an oath, stood aside when the moon said from beneath a cloud, and muffled himself to the chin. For he was aware that some one was watching him—a tall black figure sitting above on the steps of the staircase close beneath the grated door. "What, has the jealous brute forgotten to turn the key on her?" muttered the Grand-Duke. "No one can be resting there to amuse himself, at this hour." He muttered a second oath, which, perhaps, may have been heard.

Certainly he was seen, for a voice challenged him: "Who goes there?" There was nothing to be done save to go forward. The Grand-Duke, though not wise, could not run away like a thief.

"Ah, Sir Reginald! I thought I knew your figure and your voice!... What a heavenly night! Quite Italian!... Is your beautiful cousin better? Your friend, the Duchess, was so distressed to hear of her fever. I sent Drottning, of course, to see her; the only fellow one can trust. But she has some one in her own suite, it seems—some English doctor, probably, whom she believes in, and he would not let Drottning see her. What the devil! Perhaps you are the doctor after all!"—this with the laugh of a man proud to have made a bright discovery.

"It is I, your Highness!" said Reginald, coming down laughingly. The Grand-Duke had his pipe in his mouth, and the smoke of it blew in the Englishman's face. In those days few Englishmen smoked.

"It is I, your Highness! My cousin is ill, and I

am protecting her, in the absence of her husband, as her nearest relation should; and the Grand-Duchess would be sorry were you to take cold. May I have the honor of calling your Highness's carriage? The last sound disturbs my cousin."

"You have seen her, then? You have been with her?"—and another stream of smoke offended the Englishman's face—"or is she so ill, that she can admit nobody? Is this some device of yours? Some prescription, doctor?"

"Your Highness, I am a gentleman," said the other, with kindling choler, "and your Highness knows as well as I, that there are questions which one man should not—shall not—not of another, even supposing the one man to be a German Grand-Duke, and the other a plain English gentleman. You have no right to question me about the household arrangements of my cousin at this time of night. Sleep well." And Reginald turned away contemptuously.

The one was a fool; the other was a libertine. Both had been sleeping deep; both were out on a bad errand; but they were baffled by the sudden illness of the pretty English bride, which had taken the worst form of fever, and on which her servants—Stieglitz at the head—had turned access to any intruders. "Come," said the Grand-Duke, following Reginald, "if you are a dragon, be an amiable dragon".... and he began to laugh an ugly laugh, and he laid a familiar hand on the shoulder of Helen's cousin. "Do you expect me to believe a word of this fever?"

I expect you to answer a sharper question of mine," was the answer of Reginald; drawing his walking sword.

(To be concluded next week.)

## VARIETIES.

There is a wild-flower show in London, which is a novelty.

The Portuguese government has built a gunboat to carry one gun. It is called the Terror of the Seas.

A weekly journal has been started, in London, to discuss the subject of Dreams, and the various phenomena of sleep.

Some grain was recently stored in a cistern formerly used for rain water at the Blue Boar public house, Leicester, England. A few weeks since, four persons who entered it, one after the other, the first to get grain, the others to assist him when he was seen to fall—were killed by inhaling carbolic acid gas generated in the damp grain.

Advices from Cuba state that there is serious alarm on many of the plantations of the island lest the slaves should break out into open insurrection, their conduct in many places being such as to excite the most serious apprehensions.

Since the last annual return no fewer than 268,402 ships cleared inwards or outwards from British ports. Of this number 1,827 were wrecked, and the sea swallowed up 690; more than half the number of losses consisted of vessels under 300 tons. The lifeboats of the National Society saved 358 lives.

A passenger who arrived at Halifax a few days ago, after running the blockade at Wilmington, paid \$4,000 in Confederate currency, to raise \$300 in gold, for passage money. Hard times in Dixie!

Over 3,000 emigrants arrived at the port of New York during the last week of October; making the total number of arrivals thus far in the year nearly twice that of the corresponding period in 1862.

Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, died recently at Florence, aged 84. Our neighbours over the border say she is chiefly remembered there for an abusive work entitled "America and the Americans."

**A NOVEL METHOD OF SPURRING UP TEAMSTERS.**—An incident occurred during the late retrograde movement of Meade's army, which shows that Gen. Buford is as fertile in expedients as he is brave in an emergency. While bringing up the rear, with the rebels not far behind him, he came up with a train of wagons several miles long, numbering, it is said, about 800 wagons. The train was stopped, and Buford could find no one in command to start it. No time was to be lost. The enemy were coming, and Buford's command would be cut up and the train captured. The teamsters in that long line could not be made to comprehend and act. Gen. Buford, in a few seconds, comprehended and acted. He ordered one of his rifled pieces to be planted in the rear of the train, and began firing shells up the road, over the wagons, at the longest range, and with a good elevation. A few of those "rotten cannon balls" bursting over the train roused the sleepers and fixed the business. Believing that the rebels were close upon them, the wagon-masters and teamsters applied whip and spur, and the whole caravan was moved off safely.

# THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

No. 50.

MADOC, (HASTINGS CO., C.W.) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The state of affairs at Charleston is again getting decidedly interesting. The bombardment of Fort Sumter, which was renewed on the 26th ult., was kept up without intermission for some days, both from the land batteries and from four of the monitors. The incessant fire from the former had knocked down the wall of the sea face of the fort, causing the death of thirteen men, who were buried by the debris. It is understood that Gen. Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren are to continue the bombardment of Sumter until not a vestige of it remains, and with the artillery now employed against the fort, its total destruction is deemed certain. The walls were gradually crumbling, and it was believed that they would soon be completely demolished.—There was a report early in the week that Sumter had been taken by assault at the commencement of the month, and it was circumstantially stated that it was occupied by Pennsylvania troops after its surrender; but this seems to have been pure invention, despatches of a later date speaking of the bombardment as still continuing.—The fall of the city itself is confidently predicted soon, as the nature of the obstructions in the harbour is asserted to be now thoroughly understood, and they are found not to be of a character to prove any formidable obstacle against vigorous attack by the iron-clads. But nothing decisive is expected until Sumter is in undisputed possession of the Federals.

There has been skirmishing on a considerable scale between the armies of Lee and Meade in Virginia, in which the Confederates have lost a large number of men taken prisoners. It is asserted that Gen. Meade has received imperative orders from Gen. Halleck, backed by the President, to bring on a battle, under penalty of being superseded, if he fails. It is also positively stated in Washington that the force under Lee's command in Virginia is now only 30,000. An immediate and energetic advance of the army of the Potomac is urged, for the purpose of creating a diversion in favour of Gen. Burnside, whose position in East Tennessee is deemed one of great peril, in view of the threatened attack upon him, by combined forces detached from Lee's and Bragg's armies. The Confederates thoroughly appreciate the value of East Tennessee to their cause, now that the Federals have got a foothold there, and the interest in the progress of the war for some time to come will centre in that quarter.

Major-General Butler, notorious for his conduct at New Orleans, has been appointed to the command of the Department of North Carolina.

Although the Federal armies are sweeping from the Mississippi towards the Atlantic coast, they do not appear to leave a friendly population in their rear, and the guerrilla warfare which the Southerners threatened to adopt, wherever unable to maintain a regular army in the field, is actively kept up at all points. As soon as the guerrillas are reported to be driven from one place, they are found to be very active elsewhere. At present they are operating in Western Kentucky, destroying the railroad. They also infest the banks of the Mississippi, and frequently fire on the passing steamers.

A fight recently occurred at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. The place was attacked by 8,000 Confederates under Marmaduke, who are reported to have been repulsed with considerable loss.

Volunteers, in response to the late appeal, come in very slowly, notwithstanding the prodigal bounties offered, and another resort to the Conscription is anticipated. At the next session of Congress an effort will be made to repeal the \$300 exemption clause, so as to compel all who are drawn to enter the military service.

The recent State elections resulted generally in large majorities for the Republican or Administration party—a fact that is thought to indicate an indefinite prolongation of the war.

**THE CRY FOR SYMPATHY.**—The pet reproach of the Northerners is that we show no feeling for them in their "great death struggle." But are we to blame for this, seeing that we have only very lately been informed that the struggle is of so serious a nature? Why were we not told before that it was a death struggle? and we might have been affected accordingly. But on the contrary, we were told that the rebellion was a mere flea-bite, that it would be put down in a few days, that it would be easily stamped out by the legions of the North, and the traitors brought to condign justice. Not a word was said about a death struggle in the early, hopeful, and boastful stages of the war. And now, if we were to appear anxious about the fortunes of the North and the fate of the Union, our solicitude would be resented as much as our indifference, and the Federals would ask what right we had to be uneasy about them, that they were in no sort of difficulty, and that the task upon their hands was a mere trifle, which could have but one issue. We should be evanilally told that if we had any pity to spare we had better bestow it on the over-matched Southerns, who are just on the point of being crushed out of existence, blotted from the face of the earth.

Let the Americans settle it one way or the other, and make their demands on our feelings accordingly. Let them rule that the struggle is a death struggle, or that it is hardly to be called a struggle at all, all the elements of strength, bravery, skill, numbers, and justice being on one side. For either case we may have suitable feelings, but not for both in capricious turn. Imagine a huge man fighting with a stripling about a fourth his weight and size, and bellowing to the spectators the reproach, "You have no sympathy with me in this death-struggle!"—*Examiner*, Oct. 17th.

## THE UNION OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Now that the Union of the British North American Colonies, as a group, is no longer a project which men of the present generation can hope to see accomplished, the next best thing for the maritime Provinces is that their public men should devote their serious attention to the practicability of consolidation upon a smaller scale.

Detached, isolated, and independent of each other as they now are, they never can reasonably aspire to a position of importance either in their own or the world's estimation. With different currencies, different tariffs, enacting diverse statutes in different Legislatures on a lilliputian scale, if matters were to continue so for another hundred years, still these maritime Provinces would be a class of pygmies, dwarfs, stunted, and of inferior proportions. Let the six hundred and fifty thousand people, however, that now populate Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, stand fast and firm together as one people, with one Legislature, one tariff, one currency, having but one aim, one object, one interest, and how different would be the result at the close of the next decade. In 1874 there might not be a million of souls where we have at present but six and one half tenths of a million, but it would be no unreasonable expectation that it should be so. The perfidy of Canada, as manifested in her recent relations with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, completely severs the incipient sympathy that was rapidly obtaining between her and these continental Provinces. So gross a breach of faith, so wantonly perpetrated, it

would be difficult to find precedent for in the history of nations. Canada and her public men have perpetrated a gross indignity towards Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and a sense of self respect would seem to leave no alternative for the latter, but to turn away from her now as from a stranger.—*Halifax Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 27.

## From Europe.

The steamer Adriatic arrived at St. John's, N.F., bringing three days' later advices.

The news of the late campaign in Virginia had reached England, and was exciting much attention. The London Daily News found it impossible to explain the inconsistency of Lee's advance movement upon Meade, in face of the fact that *Rebels* had not been dislodged. It approved of Meade's course in declining to deliver battle until he reached his selected field. The Times thinks the good fortune of the Union army would be extraordinary if, at length, it should achieve victory on the ill-omened field of Bull Run. The Post warns the North that any very serious reverse now would leave neutrals no alternative but to recognize the Confederacy.

The Continental news is interesting. Napoleon had received the Mexican delegation, on its return from offering the throne of Mexico to the Archduke, but nothing was said between them respecting Maximilian. It was thought doubtful that the French Chambers would accede to the guarantees demanded by the Archduke.

A French dispatch, dated June last, had been published, guaranteeing Austria against eventualities in case Russia refused to adopt the course suggested by the Allies in reference to Poland. The dispersion of some strong insurgent bands is reported. Arrests of important persons in Warsaw were numerous.

In the Schleswig-Holstein question, the arbitration of England has been declined by Austria and Prussia.

A letter from Stockholm states that the King of Denmark, in a speech he lately made, declared that if overpowered by Germany, he would proclaim a Danish republic.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—On Thursday, the 6th instant, during the prevalence of a heavy gale of wind from the W.S.W., a female named McNeartney, who resided in a small cottage on the east side of Coleman street, had occasion to retire to an outhouse, which was built so as to partially overhang the river. Her weight, together with the violence of the wind, caused the supports, which were in part decayed, to give way, and she was plunged, along with the erection, into the stream, which at that point runs strong and pretty deep. There being no one at hand to render assistance, she was unfortunately drowned. Deceased was about 38 years of age, and a widow, her husband having been killed on the railway about two years ago. She has left three children, boys, about 12, 7, and 2 years of age. Up to the time of going to press the body of the unfortunate woman has not been recovered, though her neighbour, Mr. Callaghan, has made strong endeavours to recover it.—*Independent*.

Madam Schwartz, an Anglo-Swiss, living in Rome, shocked at the cruelty to animals habitual among Southern races, translated a little tract on the subject into Italian. She submitted it to the censor, who returned this reply:—"The little work has many inaccuracies. It supposes that humanity towards animals is a Divine precept. It supposes that there exists in animals a right which man ought to respect, and it supposes that to be a good Christian a man ought to be compassionate towards the beasts. The mode in which the author proceeds to prove his theme makes manifest that he has recourse only to the Bible, and to this interpreted according to his caprice."

It is reported in Chicago that an offer of two thousand and five hundred pounds sterling has been received from the agent of the British Museum, in New York, for the manuscript copy of the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

# NEW AND CHEAP GOODS

ARRIVING AT  
**THE MADOC HOUSE,**  
COMPRISING

**DRY GOODS,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**CROCKERY,**  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
&c., &c., &c.

**CHEAP FOR READY PAY !!**

**NEW AND EXTENSIVE STOCK**

OF  
**ELEGANT & FASHIONABLE**  
**DRESS GOODS,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**CHEAP SHAWLS & CAPES.**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

Newest Styles of  
**CLOTHES,**

At Low Prices,  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**CHEAP**

**TEAS & SUGARS,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**COMPLETE STOCKS OF NEWEST STYLES OF**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S**  
**HATS AND CAPS,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
At UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICES,  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

If you want to lay out your Money  
to advantage,

CALL AT

**WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

## THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

2 Weeks: Journal of Local and General  
Information.

Will be Published every Saturday Morning, at Two  
Cents a Copy, or One Dollar a Year, STRICTLY IN  
advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE  
FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:—

Six lines, first insertion	0 50
Each subsequent insertion	0 12 ½
Six to ten lines, first insertion	0 70
Each subsequent insertion	0 18
Above ten lines (per line) first insertion	0 07
Each subsequent insertion, per line	0 02

All Communications for the MERCURY to be addressed, (post-paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, Madoc Post Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, Madoc, where Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their copies, and orders for the paper and advertisements will obligingly be received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The official emigration returns show the number of emigrants arrived at Quebec up to the 7th inst., to have been 1,268 cabin and 17,521 steerage. Last year the number was 1,962 cabin and 19,396 steerage. The decrease is accounted for by a decline in the Norwegian emigration of about 4,000, as compared with last year. The emigration from the United Kingdom and Germany has increased this year.



## THE MADOC MERCURY. AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

There is, we believe, a fair prospect that the projected improvement of the statute line between this village and the Hastings Road, now under consideration by the County Council, will be favourably received by that body, in view of the benefit it will confer, not only upon this locality, but upon the County at large, by facilitating communication with the back country. As the Government has agreed to give half the amount needed, on account of the advantages the settlers on the Hastings Road may derive from the improvement—upon the production of proper vouchers that the work has been duly performed throughout, and meets the approbation of the Superintendent of Colonization Roads—there can be little doubt that the money will be laid out to better advantage than that which was expended on the Hastings Road itself, and will not go merely to enrich some favoured contractor. Whether the management of the business will be left to the municipal authorities of Madoc, or will be placed under the care of the County Surveyor, we do not know; but in either case, we may expect that the road will be solidly constructed, and not just scratched over, so as to look nice and smooth for a time, and after a shower exhibit the former alternations of rocks and mud-holes. We shall look with some curiosity to see whether it will be decided that the most economical plan will be to place the construction of the whole road in the hands of one contractor, or to let it out in sections to several. The latter plan, if the work is to be done simply by manual labour, and hauling materials by team, would diffuse the benefit of the expenditure most widely, and secure the most speedy construction of the road. But from

the cuttings that will have to be made through some of the hills on the line, and the hollows that will have to be filled in the intervals, there is plenty of room for the employment of the labour-saving rough trainways and self-discharging ballast-cars that are used in the construction of railroads. In letting out the contract, therefore, we hope, in the interest of the taxpaying, that this point will not be overlooked, and that if, by a little extra outlay at first for such appliances, the work can be prosecuted more cheaply in the end, the price to be paid will be regulated accordingly.

COUNTY COUNCIL.—The County Council met at the Town-Hall in the village of Stirling, on the 10th inst. The Warden made a speech in favour of the improvement of the County road to the Hastings Road, and a communication on the subject from M. P. Hayes, Esq., was read. The Council adjourned over Thanksgiving Day, to meet on Thursday at Belleville. An amendment, to meet again at Stirling, was lost. So the Council have got back to their old quarters again, and will probably remain there in future.

THANKSGIVING-DAY was duly observed as a general holiday in the village on Wednesday, all the stores being closed on the occasion. Appropriate services were held in the Presbyterian Church. Several hunting parties spent the day in the woods and about the shores of the Lake, and kept up a continual popping at the squirrels, partridges and other small game.

MORE BEARS.—A few days ago, two large bears walked boldly into a clearing on the farm of G. W. Rose, Esq., in the Allen settlement. Mr. Rose took his rifle, as soon as notified they had been seen, and searched a small neighbouring wood, but was unable to find any trace of them.

## MADOC TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

The Municipal Council of Madoc met on the 2nd inst., pursuant to an adjournment. Present, A. F. Wood, Reeve; W. H. Tunney, Deputy Reeve; and Messrs. Moore and Dale.

After the previous minutes were read and approved, the Reeve brought before the Council the matter of building a new road from the village of Madoc to the Hastings Road, and stated that he had received a communication from the Crown Lands Department in answer to the petition lately forwarded to the Government. On fully considering the same, the following resolution was passed:—That the Reeve and Deputy Reeve be and are hereby authorized to guarantee to the County Council the interest on any amount that the said Council may issue debentures for the purpose of building the road from the village of Hastings to the Hastings Road, provided the interest is not to exceed six per cent. per annum.

The establishment of a new school section at Bannockburn was brought up, when it was resolved that one be formed out of the north part of Nos. 14 and 16, and the same to come in force on and after the 25th December next, and to be known as No. 19; the boundaries of said new section to be determined at next meeting of the Council.

The removal of Wm. Embury from school section No. 9 to No. 18 was laid over till next meeting.

The application of John Maly to be struck off from school section No. 5 to No. 4 was not entertained, as it did not set forth the number of his lot and other necessary information.

No further business being before the Council, it was adjourned till the first Monday in December next.

## Assault and Alleged Robbery.

On Saturday last, John Finlayson was brought before A. F. Wood and John Dale, Esq., charged with having assaulted Morris J. Eadus, and unlawfully appropriating his property.—On the preceding afternoon, Finlayson, in a state of intoxication, rode into the village on Eadus's horse, which he stated he had taken from Eadus, after beating him and taking the boots off his feet. He was arrested on the complaint of Mr. W. E. D. Eadus, who was somewhat alarmed for the safety of his son.—When the case was examined into, it appeared that Morris J. Eadus and the defendant had been drinking together, and that on their way from the Hastings Road to the village, when they arrived at Best's Corners, Eadus wished to go one way, and defendant, who was on foot, urged him to go another, and settled the matter by seizing the horse by the head, and led it in the direction he desired. After proceeding a short distance, while slowly walking along, Finlayson suddenly pulled Eadus from the horse, and struck and choked him until he became insensible for a short time. On recovering his senses, Eadus found that Finlayson and the horse were gone, and that his boots had been changed for another pair. He then made his way to Best's, and remained there till shortly after midnight, when he was fetched away. He had lost his cap and necktie, and his vest was torn to pieces.—From the evidence of Silas Reynolds, it appeared that earlier in the day, Finlayson had been riding Eadus's horse, but had been induced by the witness to give it back. For some few days previously, Finlayson's behaviour had been strange, and he acted outrageously when witness met him a second time on the horse, about three miles from the village.—As both parties appeared to have had too much to drink, and there had been some changing or trying on one another's boots, the charge was considered proved only so far as the assault was concerned, and Finlayson, who expressed great regret at the occurrence, was fined \$5 and costs.

## Accidents.

On Thursday, last week, while a little girl named Woodard was playing at Raikes' school-house, she fell over a large stone, and another child falling over her, she sustained a fracture of the small bone of her leg, just above her ankle. Dr. Thwaites was sent for, and under his care the little sufferer is progressing favourably.

At a logging bee in the Jarvis Settlement, 1st Concession of Madoc, on Saturday last, Michael Gleason had his left leg broken below the knee, by a log which swung round while being hoisted on to the heap. The fracture, which was a simple one, was reduced by Dr. Elmer.

AT THE FALL ASSIZES at Belleville, the most important case tried was an action brought by John Ross against Henry Corby, to recover damages for alleged injury to his property by the erection of defendant's mill dam. The trial occupied three days, and the jury returned a general verdict for plaintiff, and damages \$48. It is the intention of the defendant to move for a new trial.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,**  
By Mrs. and Miss ACKERMANN,  
IN the Village of MADOC. Terms moderate.

Private Lessons in MUSIC, DRAWING, FRENCH and GERMAN.—Madoc, Nov. 3, 1863.

## MR. ACKERMANN

EGS to announce to the Inhabitants of Madoc and Vicinity that he has commenced a DRAWING CLASS for Ladies and Gentlemen, on TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evenings, from Seven to Nine o'clock, by permission, at the School House in the Village. Terms, \$3 per quarter.

Private Instruction given.

**RALPH M. NORMAN,**  
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,  
ANSTEE BUILDING, MADOC.

**A. B. ROSS & BROTHER,**  
GENERAL MERCHANTS,  
The Highest Price in Cash paid for Potash.

A. B. ROSS.

S. D. ROSS.

**A FINE YOKE OF OXEN,**  
EIGHT YEARS OLD,  
FOR SALE. For particulars inquire at the MERCURY  
Office.

**\$1,000,000 !!!**

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PLACES TO BUY GOODS AT  
IS FRANKLIN'S. He has got everything—even  
some Fine New WALL PAPERS. Indeed, he has got every  
thing, from a Needle to an Anchor. If there is anything that  
he possibly has not got, he will get it for his customers, by  
caring their orders.

**A. F. WOOD,**  
**MARRIAGE LICENSE AGENT.**  
MADOC.

## THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE

TO BUY YOUR GROCERIES, LIQUORS, and PROVI-  
SIONS, CROCKERY, COAL, OIL, LAMPS, and TOYS  
of every description for Children, is at the store one door  
West of Mr. Wm. Hudgins. Conducted by

JOHN T. SQUIRES.

THE HIGHEST PRICE paid for  
Potash, Grain, and all Kinds of Produce.

**G. C. CALDWELL,**  
**VETERINARY SURGEON.**

BEGS most respectfully to intimate to the inhabitants of MADOC and surrounding neighbourhood that he has commenced business as Blacksmith in the premises lately occupied by Mr. T. Squires. He has full knowledge of the business warrants him in informing the Public that he is able to execute all orders entrusted to him upon the best approved methods, and also with neatness and despatch.

A stock of medicines kept constantly on hand, and strict attention given to all cases that he may be favoured with.

CHARGES MODERATE.

## Church of England and Ireland.

THE Subscribers in aid of the MISSION for MADOC and TUDOR, are hereby通知 that Mr. ROBERT H. BREAKELL, of the Village of Hastings, is appointed Treasurer, to whom subscriptions are requested to be paid.

W. H. TUMELTY, { Churchwardens.

T. S. AGAR,

Madoc, 20th April, 1863.

## MR. GREAM,

(Solicitor and Attorney of the Chancery and Law Courts  
of England)

Conveyancer, Coroner, &c.,  
West Half of Lot 20 in the 7th Concession of Madoc.  
Mr. GREAM will attend in Madoc Village every Saturday.

## W. FINDLAY,

Town Clerk, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.  
Office, Town-Hall, Madoc.

## JAMES FITZGERALD,

ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER,  
MADOC.

DR. THWAITES,  
Madoc.

## FOR SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

At Publishers' Prices, Call At

**WILSON'S DRUG STORE,**  
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

## MADOC MARKET PRICES.

SATURDAY, November 14, 1863.

ASHES	85 50	lb. e.w.l.
BARLEY	70 cents.	
OATS	30 cents.	
WHEAT	50 cents.	
RYE	40 to 50 cents.	
PEAS	50 cents.	
HIDES	\$5.	
PORK	85 1/2 to 90 1/2 lb. e.w.l.	
BUTTER	9d. lb. b.	
EGGS	6d.	
HAY	87 00 to 88 10 lbs.	

## BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Spring Wheat, 28d 1/2s 0d.	Rye, 28d 1/2s 0d.	Barley,
4s 3d 1/2s 0d. Oats, 1s 9d 1/2s 0d.	Potash, 2s 6d 1/2s 0d.	Flour,
4s 3d 1/2s 0d. Oats, 1s 9d 1/2s 0d.	Potash, 2s 6d 1/2s 0d.	Hay,
(Retail) 9d. bbl. 21s 0d.	Potash, 2s 6d 1/2s 0d.	Beef,
9d. bbl. 21s 0d.	Potash, 2s 6d 1/2s 0d.	Butter,
9d. bbl. 21s 0d.	Potash, 2s 6d 1/2s 0d.	Potash,
9d. bbl. 21s 0d.	Potash, 2s 6d 1/2s 0d.	

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that his new Hotel

is erected on the site of the old stand, is now finished and completely furnished and ready for the reception of guests.

THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL is quite equal in all its arrangements to any first class hotel in any village in Canada.

A Good Yard and Stables attached to the premises.  
All the Liquors are of the very best quality and brands.

All Fine Ale and Porter always on draught.

## THE BRIDE OF ORANIENBERG.

(Concluded.)

The Grand-Duke was no coward; but he was a worse swordsman than Reginald.

"You have hurt me, fellow!" said he, reeling back, after two or three passes had been exchanged, "but you have won her!... There! There!... I shall get back to my wife, never mind how, and you go to your cousin. There! There! No... I'll make no mischief... I shall say no word!... And shaking off the other, who would have supported him, the Grand-Duke managed to put up his rapier, and to totter towards the gate.

Reginald looked back. There was not a breath, not a whisper, not a sound, save that of the fountain in the thicket at the other end of the terrace. There was not a trace of a passing figure on one of the three-lighted windows.

He, too, muttered his oath. "And can she have shut me out, to wait for him? I will make no scandal betwixt your Highness and your delightful Grand-Duchess. But Helen, my Helen! and I will make no scandal for you!" And, now alone, Reginald stepped cautiously to the end of the terrace, washed his sword in the fountain-water, and sheathed it.

It poor pretty Helen, with nothing but her bright and honest purity and her trust in her husband's love, were almost as brave as an Oranienberg woman; he was braver than any Oranienberg man had been, let the time have been ever so far away, or the danger ever so pressing. How he loved her! And yet he had left her, under a misgiving, out of duty to his Grand-Duke, out of resolution to trust in her—to trust, also, in his power of fulfilling her wishes. Could she have wished that he should leave her?

He had been ill of an overwrought brain for many weeks; he became worse, as he travelled day and night towards the frontier. The official mission on which he was sent was his child's play. There were angry folk whom the Grand-Duke's message (prompted by himself) must put into flame. There was no security as to its issue; and with all this doubt, and this wear and tear of spirits, and this purpose to carry through a purpose, there came like some terrible tune which will not leave its victim, the besetting thought,

"I went, because she wished me to go. Why did she wish me to go? Where is she now?" So the Baron drove on, sleeping little, towards the frontier.

The Baron alighted, for a moment, at a small frontier town, fevered, vexed, ill at ease, ever harping on his young beautiful English wife and her young beautiful English cousin. Ere the fresh post-horses could be put to the carriage, the Baron was out of it, in the dark, to stroll through the western gate. There may have been some of the folk who were waiting on the crisis, who waited also for him. He was thinking of Helen, and of no political quarrel, as he passed through the gate. The ball from pistol did not spare him, nevertheless; it touched him severely and he fell. As he fell, a terrible thought had time to flash through the pain and confusion of the moment, "This cannot have been her wish?"

He had time to remember her face, how she had controlled herself when she had heard of his going, and to remember, like a canker pain, the difference of their ages. How he loved her! His last clear thought was that she could not know what had happened. She was safe at court enjoying herself, and should he die, there was that cousin of hers.

Who can tell the terror, the misgiving that he might be long a prisoner, the confused dance of miseries and suspicions that banished rest from his pillow even when he did sleep!

"Live to fulfil her wishes before she utters them!" He was, perhaps, dying in fulfilment of her wish. Then, what business had that English cousin of hers to be always sitting by his bed, and to be always dressing his wound—always pouring fire into it? Was this Helen's wish?—He woke, and struck about him. Everything was profoundly still; there was no one save his secretary, dozing in an arm-chair by the light of a shaded lamp.

"How long have I been asleep, Conrad? Are there no despates from court?... from...?"

"Truly, yes, my lord," said the other, shaking himself awake; "but I judged it best not to disturb you, though the courier has ridden night and day with them, and though he pressed that you should see them at once. They are of the uttermost importance, he is sure. My lord, you are not fit to read them, and yet I dare not withhold them."

The Baron raised himself in bed and broke the seals of the despatch. The writing was a woman—a writing strange to him, hurried and broken, no wonder considering the tale it conveyed.

"Whatever be the importance of your mission,

wrote the Grand-Duchess, "you must come back—you must come to me. We are in terrible straits here. My husband is dying of a wound received in a duel with your wife's cousin, on the evening of the 30th. During some days previous, your wife had absented herself from court, under the pretext of being ill of fever. When it became known to me that the duel had been fought in the gardens of your palace, I insisted on having speech with her, in order to ascertain what light she could throw on so terrible an affair. I will not dwell on my feelings at finding that she was not in the palace—that she was gone—fever or no fever—no one could tell me where. Her cousin, too, is missing. They are, probably, together."

"The wound of my husband, the physicians assure me, is poisoned; and, further, that his life can by no art be protracted for many days. On every ground you should—you must—he; if not to support the wife of your Prince under such an awful calamity, to see on the spot what can be done to rescue your wife. Bitter though my grief is, and fearful the mischievous she has caused, I do not accuse her of more than natural weakness. She struggled, I know—for I had her full confidence—to be true to you. Remember, I am writing by a deathbed, and I speak of nothing to which I will not swear."

"Come!—Your heart-broken friend, AMALIA."

The Baron had never been so strong in his life as at that instant: strong in the horror that overrules pain; strong in the vigorous will that can even retard the coming of Death.

His secretary saw him read the letter twice, and even make a note on its margin.

"Have the carriage ready in a quarter of an hour," said a voice from within him, the tone of which told nothing, save that it was quite unlike his own. "When did the coach get here?"

"Yesterday morning, my lord."

"Send Clemens to dress me. You must follow me, as soon as possible. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour. We are going back to court."

There was still a minute, however, before Clemens could be found by the secretary—a minute in which the high-hearted man's heroism forsook him, so wondrously had his love of his young wife entwined itself with every fibre of his frame. Their marriage had been an ill-sighted one; Stiegl had told him so; his dreams had told him so. And here it chafed that in his struggling to rise from the bed, his steel-clasped book was displaced from under his pillow, fell out into the chamber, its clasp broke, and its white leaves fluttered free.

"Where is Clemens?" cried the Baron, loudly. "What can matter anything that befalls me, so that I can do any good to her? I would die to fulfil her wishes and to make her happy. O Heaven if she were only safe!"

There was a bustle in the passage, outside the door. There were voices, not of Conrad calling for Clemens. There were feet—and not of grooms bustling to bring out carriages. But at the sound the Baron fell back into the bed. His moment of strength had passed and...

She was safe. Helen was safe! Because she was there beside him, more beautiful and radiant than ever; with that look of girlish wondering admiration on her face which had won the man when he had brought her diamond heart home to her; but with it something beyond—the look of a woman who had dared adventure and endured fatigue, and had been raised by her devoted truth to an equality with his higher nature. She was hanging over him; she was clinging round him. She was telling how, after that terrible silence had begun, and after...

"But why think of them, George? Both were bad: Reginald the worse, because he is the cleverer of the two.—But, love, when I saw that I had no chance of being left at peace among them, why, what could I do? You know I am not an Oranienberg woman. So I set up the story of a fever, as the only means I had of keeping them out and getting away to you. And we did on the 27th. Yes, dear, and I rode for a day in boy's clothes you see, when no letters came. . . . And they are watching our house still, at this moment, for sight I know... Don't sold me, darling! Put your head there!" ("There" meant a pleasing corner, where many favoured heads would have only been too glad to lie.) "O! it was no joke. I assure you, all those people in all that wretched town—sitting hour after hour, day by day, to inquire after the poor Baroness!... And yet it was a joke! Fancy, among the rest to turn up, an old Schleitersheim creature—your constant lover, Miss Sauerwein, who has somehow scraped up money enough to follow you to court... and was glad—she quite smiled, they tell me—to hear my fever was so much worse. That was the day I was delirious!" (And here the old girlish laugh rang out more merrily than ever.)

"But I made dear old Stiegl bring me. He is beginning to endure me now, perhaps, though it was so mad my running after you. I would not, indeed, if I could have helped it! Well, there, then!" (and the head of the wounded man changed its place from east to west.) "No wonder you have been in pain, and look so very wild! Why, I declare, they have let you read, ill as you have been—and read in one of those abominable old books of yours, which always made you gloomy when you were well. You shall read in that thing no more, at all events!"—And the grey and the white leaves were in the twinkling of an eye torn out of the steel-clasped book and burning on the stone floor.

"There! How could they permit it?... O! my poor dear, you do look as if you wanted sleep—and I do too. Stiegl, sit in the ante-chamber, and keep everything quiet. Forgive me, my love, I did so long to be with you!"... In ten minutes more, the Baron's head and his heart were at rest on your shoulder; a rest without dreams of Grand-Dukes, or cousins, or rivals great or small, or misgivings that he was too old, and she too young—a rest (and may all my readers know the blessing of such rest) without my dreams at all!

I have never discovered where Helen's English cousin came to light again: if he ever did reappear.

I have always believed that if poison was put into the Grand-Duke's wound, the Grand-Duchess knew who put it there.

I know that the Oranienbergs never went back to court.

## VARIETIES.

It sounds paradoxical, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is pretty sure to make it fly.

The Admiralty has decided to construct a new squadron of iron gunboats, armoured-plated, double-screw propellers, to be armed with two heavy Armstrong guns.

A wag suggests that young ladies should certainly be held liable to conscription, since they are "accustomed to bare arms."

The new Hudson's Bay Company will get out the poles for the telegraph line between Fort Garry and Puget's Sound during the winter. The wire for the telegraph is expected at Montreal immediately.

The first authentic mention of coal-working appears to be the charter of Henry III, in 1259, granting liberty to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne to dig for coal.

The schooner *Actor*, of New London, has returned from a four months' whaling cruise with \$13,000 or \$14,000 worth of oil. The fitting up of the schooner for the cruise cost only \$3,500.

Letters from Dr. Livingstone, the well-known African explorer, dated Murchison Cataracts, interior of Africa, April 25th, announce the death of Mr. Richard Thornton, geologist of the expedition, of fever.

At a factory in Portland, Me., nearly one thousand bushels of potatoes are "concentrated" for the army every day. All the water is absorbed, leaving about five pounds of nutriment from the sixty pounds which a bushel of potatoes averages, and the concentration is ground up, giving it the appearance of Indian meal.

Coal dealers in Philadelphia are now asking ten dollars a ton for coal. This makes cold weather something to dread.

Electro-magnetic engines have not yet succeeded in performing work economically. The consumption of a grain of zinc is more costly than a grain of coal, but only produces about one-eighth of the same mechanical force.

The consumption of fuel in the best steam engines has been reduced to two and a half pounds per horse power, per hour, and greater economy is expected to be yet obtained.

The City of London, in ten years, has increased in population 441,753; New York, 290,104 souls, or 56.37 per cent, and Philadelphia 222,484 inhabitants, or 65.43 per cent. The average number of houses during ten years built in London was 5,349; in New York, 1,668; and in Philadelphia, 2,806. London has been settled 2,000 years, New York 249 years, and Philadelphia 173.

Rev. L. E. Barnard, of Georgia, Vt., who was accused by the Burlington Free Press of kicking his wife, and whipping her eighteen times within a year, corrects this statement through the same channel. He has whipped his wife but fifteen times in three years, and as she labours under the impression that he has ever kicked her, it is because she occasionally runs against his uplifted foot.

# THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

No. 51.

MADOC, (HASTINGS CO., C.V.

TURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The most singular event of the past few days, in connexion with the civil war, is the discovery of a contemplated design, on the part of the Southern refugees now resident in Canada, to get up an expedition for the invasion of the United States! The first intimation of this affair, which has created the last new "sensation," was given to the public by the following despatch:—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 31.—Midnight.—To the Mayor of Buffalo:—The British Minister, Lord Lyons, has to-night notified the Government that, from telegraphic information received from the Governor-General of Canada, there is reason to believe that there is a plot on foot by persons who have found an asylum in Canada, to invade the United States and destroy the city of Buffalo—that they propose to take possession of some of the steamboats on Lake Erie, to surprise Johnson's Island, set free the prisoners of war confined there, and proceed with them to Buffalo. This Government will employ all means in its power to suppress any hostile attacks from Canada; but as other towns and cities on the shores of the Lakes are exposed to the same dangers, it is deemed proper to communicate this information to you, in order that any precautions which the circumstances of the case will permit may be taken.

The Governor-General suggests that the steamboats or other vessels giving cause for suspicion on the number or character of the persons on board, shall be arrested.

You will please acknowledge receipt of this telegram, and communicate to this department any information you may now or hereafter have on this subject. (Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

Proper precautions have been taken to prevent the escape of the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, on account of two suspicious looking vessels having been seen hovering in the neighbourhood on the 10th inst., and Gen. Dix has gone to Buffalo, to take command there.

The special despatch to the N. Y. Times, dated Washington, Nov. 13, says—

The discovery of a rebel plot hatched in Canada to liberate the prisoners on Johnson's Island, burn Buffalo, and ravage the commerce of Lake Erie, is classified here with the finding of snakes' nests. The telegraph at Sandusky, Cincinnati, Buffalo and Washington, has dwarfed the just proportions of this horror.

It is understood here from Canada, that Vandalligan, Henry Clay's beautiful son James, and that abandoned villain Michael Kane, had fully arranged for passing through the Welland Canal an armed steamer, whose mission was, first, to open the prison doors for captured rebels, at Sandusky Bay; second, to arm and equip those veterans, over 2,000 in number; third, to seize as many propellers on Lake Erie as were needed, and arm and man them; fourth, to make Buffalo a heap of ashes and her vessels in port charred skeletons; fifth, to burn Cleveland; sixth, to wipe out the commerce of Lake Erie; seventh, to consume Detroit; and in effect to destroy the commerce and cities of the Lakes from Ogdensburg to Chicago almost at a blow. Lord Lyons got out of bed after midnight to communicate the news to Mr. Seward, and afterwards the Secretary of War was got up and got the wires.

The World's special from Buffalo says:—Attorney General Macdonald is here on a visit to Mayor Fargo. The information he brings shows the reality and seriousness of the plot to release the prisoners on Johnson's Island. The Canadian Ministry have taken ample measures of prevention. There are 15,000 Southern secessionists in Canada.

Durham, Nov. 13.—An armed steamer sent out by the authorities to reconnoitre suspected points along the north shore of Lake Erie, returned to-night. No indications of a hostile expedition were found, and it is doubted if any exist.

Southern papers add, that in Northern Virginia Meade has inflicted a terrible blow on Lee. The Confederates have stopped retreating, however, and are further strengthening their position on the Rapidan by throwing up additional earthworks, digging rifle pits, and constructing curtains for every exposed point. They evidently intend to winter between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. The Northerners now hold all the ground in Culpepper county which was occupied by them previous to Lee's late advance.

In Washington bets have been made that Meade, disappointed in his desire to bring about a general engagement, will go into winter quarters. Richmond papers are under the impression he is advancing rapidly on Fredericksburg, and expect the decisive contest will probably take place there.

It is rumoured that Lee has gone to Chattanooga, in the hope of retrieving Confederate affairs there, by superseding Gen. Bragg in command. A refugee states that a considerable portion of Bragg's army and supplies are being sent South, and that the position before Chattanooga will be abandoned. Longstreet is organizing a large raid on the Union line of communication at Bridgeport.

Gen. Burnside has resigned his command in East Tennessee. Notwithstanding the loss of 500 of his men and four pieces of artillery at Rodgersville, about 60 miles from Knoxville, his main army remains where it was, and is considered to be in an impregnable position. Burnside's resignation has been accepted by the President, and Gen. Foster has been appointed in his stead.

At Charleston, firing is still kept up on Fort Sumter, which is reported to be entirely demolished. A flag is put up by the Confederates every night, which is shot down every day. The capture of the city before Christmas is again confidently predicted.

Gen. Banks' expedition had landed on the Texas shore of the Rio Grande, after losing a steamer and two schooners, but no lives, in a storm. During the disembarkation, seven soldiers and two sailors were drowned, by boats capsizing in the surf. No attempt was made by the Confederates to oppose the landing.

Complaints are made that the Northern prisoners confined in Richmond are being treated very cruelly, and some have died, almost immediately after being released, from the effects of starvation. Retaliation is threatened upon the Southerners held prisoners at the North. It is doubtful whether there is an actual scarcity of food at the South; but the large cities are evidently suffering, both from the want of sufficient means of transportation from the rural districts, and from the unwillingness of the farmers to bring in their produce, and have it impressed for the use of the army at less than its market value.

Wilmington, the only port for some time past available to the Confederates, is now pretty closely blockaded, so that the chance of receiving supplies from abroad is greatly diminished.

## AN IRISH "CONGRESS" IN THE U. S.

A Convention of the "Fenian Brotherhood," or Irish Congress, as it is called in the local papers, has recently concluded its session in Chicago. Three hundred and twenty-five delegates from all parts of the United States, and from Ireland and the Canadas, were present. The resolutions adopted declare that the object of the organization is "the regeneration of our race from utter extinction." John O'Mahoney, Esq., was the "Head Centre" of this mysterious brotherhood in the United States, and in his address on retiring from that position to become simply a member of the convention, he spoke of having been allied with the organization more than four years, and said that from a nucleus in the city of New York it had

extended its ramifications throughout the entire land. "In the British Provinces, in the United States, north, south, east and west, and in California, it had grown into a powerful and organized body. They, the first Irish Congress ever held in the U. S., had erected for themselves a constitution and a government." The Convention exhibited their appreciation of his services by electing him President. A despatch was received from San Francisco, pledging the support of the men of California to the Congress "as the opportunity is at hand."—The object of these "patriotic" Irishmen, it has been alleged, was to bring about a revolution in Ireland, in conjunction, if possible, with a declaration of war between England and the United States. Fleet steamships were to be chartered in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the skeleton of an army of 200,000 men, with all the necessary stores, was to be placed on board of them; that is to say, a sufficient number of officers were detailed to put an army of 200,000 men in the field. It was intended to land them suddenly upon three separate portions of Ireland, in the extreme west, in the east, near Dublin, and in the south, in Kinsale harbour; and having an abundance of munitions and arms, they were to be immediately organized the impulsive peasantry for a revolt against the power of England.—Gens. Meagher and Corcoran sympathize with this scheme, and are suspected of being active promoters of it.—The "Fenians" will find themselves mistaken if they anticipate any more "material aid" from the Americans than Kosuth obtained for Hungary. They are quite content to let Irishmen come and fight their battles against the Southerners, but have not the slightest intention of intervening for the "liberation" of Ireland. Their "wrongs" are something with which, it is already announced, the people of the United States have no concern.

**MINING NEWS.**—The developments in the Lake copper region more than justify the high opinion we have expressed from time to time in these columns. One of the proprietors was visiting the property a few days ago, in company with a gentleman from Toronto, and going along the bank of the river—which was unusually low—observed the peculiar appearance of the rock between low and high water-mark. Chipping a piece off with an old axe he happened to have in his hand, he found it full of copper ore. Examining further, they found it was a regular vein; it had precisely the appearance of the other veins already explored, and was between twenty-five and thirty feet in width! This makes the third vein of immense width which has been found within a distance of a quarter of a mile, besides several others of apparently equal width which have been partially explored.

But the supererogatory region is by no means confined to that immediate neighbourhood: in two places just within the Township of Belmont, very successful explorations are being carried on under the personal direction of Captain Williams; one by Mr. W. H. Rose, of Thurlow, the other—from which we hear very encouraging reports—by Messrs. Franck, Starling, & Co., of Belleville. These are both along the same river on which the Lake mines are situate, and with other indications, lead to the opinion that the copper bearing rocks follow the course of that stream.

We also learn that a company from Belleville has purchased a Lead mine, which is considered very promising, situate in the rear of Marmora, and about six miles this side of the Lake copper mines, and intend to push on the working of it immediately.

All these things lying just behind the Marmora and Belmont iron beds, must push them into the market.

The sum of \$3,450 has been subscribed by the people of Chatham to pay for boring mother Earth in that neighbourhood for either salt or oil—the subscribers don't care which!

There is a pedlar in Kingston who sells cheap jewelry and then returns the buyers their money. This apparent liberality astonishes the Kingston folks, who have not yet found out where the man's profits come from.

# NEW AND CHEAP GOODS

ARRIVING AT

## THE MADOC HOUSE,

COMPRISES

**DRY GOODS,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**CROCKERY,**  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
&c., &c., &c.

**CHEAP FOR READY PAY !!**

### NEW AND EXTENSIVE STOCK

OR  
**ELEGANT & FASHIONABLE  
DRESS GOODS,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**CHEAP SHAWLS & CAPES,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

Newest Styles of  
**CLOTHES,**

At Low Prices,  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**CHEAP**

**TEAS & SUGARS,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

COMPLETE STOCKS OF NEWEST STYLES OF  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S  
HATS AND CAPS,**  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
At UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICES.  
At WOOD & BREAKELL'S.

If you want to lay out your Money  
to advantage,

CALL AT  
**WOOD & BREAKELL'S.**

## THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

A Weekly Journal of Local and General Information.

Will be Published every Saturday Morning, at Two Cents a Copy, or One Dollar a Year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:

Six lines, first insertion	0 50
Each subsequent insertion	0 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Six to ten lines, first insertion	0 70
Each subsequent insertion	0 16
Above ten lines (per line) first insertion	0 07
Each subsequent insertion, per line	0 02

All Communications for the MERCURY to be addressed (post-paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, Madoc Post Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, Madoc, where Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their copies, and orders for the paper and advertisements will obligingly be received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

THE LATE ACTION IN JAPAN.—Detailed accounts have been received of the English bombardment of Kagosima, Japan. Seven vessels were engaged, including two frigates. The British lost thirteen killed and fifty wounded. The Japanese ammunition was of a superior quality. The forts mounted ninety-three guns and mortars. The ships were only 450 yards from the forts, and it is wonderful that they were not all sunk. The Prince Satsuma had bought United States guns and ammunition, including four 150-pounders and some 13-inch shell guns. Without a force Admiral Kuper could do nothing further, and as Satsuma evinced no desire to negotiate, the fleet left for Yokohama to refit. The object of the expedition was as far from being gained as ever, and if the Japanese remained obstinate, a large army would be necessary to obtain satisfaction.



## THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

### THE ROAD FROM MADOC VILLAGE TO THE "HASTINGS ROAD."

The County Council, at its last session, authorized the expenditure of three thousand dollars for the road from Madoc Village to the south boundary of Tudor; which, with an equal sum guaranteed by the Government, will, if carefully and judiciously laid out, make it a first-rate wagon road.

There seems to have been considerable feeling against the appropriation on the part of some of the members from South Hastings. These gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Shea, from Trenton, appear to think—judging from their actions—that no County money is properly laid out unless it be expended within the limits of South Hastings. We think these gentlemen will grow wiser as they grow older, or, at least they should; if not, we hope they will be replaced in the Council by men of more liberal ideas. Mr. Shea and those who voted for the expenditure deserve the thanks—not only of Madoc—but of the whole community. The improvement of the road, though benefiting Madoc as a matter of necessity, still is not merely of local advantage. The road is the connecting link that joins the 26 miles of County gravel road leading from Belleville, to the great Hastings Road, extending 130 miles north of the south boundary of Tudor.

Just as well might the railway passing

through Sidney be styled local; or the bridge across the Moira river at Canifton; or the bridge over Salmon river near Shannonville. They are parts of public roads, in which the whole community is interested; and to interfere with them would be to affect the public generally. Just so it is with this road through Madoc. The public require it, and the Government and County Council have done a wise thing in seeing after its improvement. It is to be hoped that all other appropriations may be made as properly and consistently.

The road, we are informed by the Warden, will be offered—to be built by contract—in sections of not over a mile in length. Specifications will be made out by the County Surveyor, and tenders asked for some time during the next month; and the work, it is expected, will be commenced early in the spring.

The inhabitants of Buffalo, and of other cities on the southern shores of the Lakes, have been suffering somewhat from an invasion panic, since the publication of the telegram from the American Secretary of War to the Mayor of Buffalo. Whether there was really a plot on the part of the Secessionists resident in Canada is doubted by many, though no one questions the propriety of the Governor-General's action in so promptly communicating the information he had received on the subject to the United States Government. The scare will doubtless teach the Anglophobists that in the event of the war with which they are always threatening England; and which is to result in the easy overrunning and summary annexation of the Province, Canada is not necessarily a helpless victim, but might possibly inflict some damage before being "gobbled up." Hence the "secess plot" will afford a good excuse for demanding that the Lake cities and shores be put in a proper state of defence, and thus the outlay of a large Government expenditure be secured in a quarter hitherto neglected.

### Caught in the Act.

On Thursday night, Mr. Oscar Bristol, residing on Lot No. 6, in the 7th Concession of Madoc, left home to attend a wedding party at a neighbour's. He secured his house, and left his barn safely locked up. Being somewhat uneasy about the safety of his property, in consequence of the numerous thefts lately committed in that locality, he determined to return a little earlier than he otherwise would have done, to see that all was right. Before he reached home, his attention was attracted by the furious barking of his dog, and hastening onward, he was just in time to see three men leaving the barn, which they had broken into. He rushed after them, and secured one of the fellows, but the other two succeeded in making their escape. They have, however, been identified, and now pretend that they were only on a "spree;" but warrants have been issued for their apprehension. There is reason to believe that with their detection in this instance, the system of robbery that has prevailed in the neighbourhood will come to an end.

### A New Drill Class.

Since the withdrawal of the Drill Sergeant who was sent to this village for a few weeks in the Spring to instruct the members of Major Findlay's Company of Madoc Volunteers, the zeal and interest which for a time were manifested to acquire a fair degree of proficiency appeared to be quite extinguished. But the movement has been revived since the return of Major Norman to Madoc, he having kindly renewed his gratuitous services in the instruction of a class composed of the officers of the Volunteers and Sedentary militia and others, which meets for an hour's drill every evening.



## NATURE.

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her. 'Tis living to live,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The weary intercourse of daily life.  
Still her prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

## A TENANT WANTED.

'George, shan't you rent the house this summer?'

The gentleman to whom this inquiry was addressed laid his newspaper on his knee, leaned back in his chair, and answered, 'I really don't know what to do with the thing, Sarah. It's a pity that fine old house should stand empty, but it shall till it falls to pieces, before I'll have it abused as it was by the last two tenants. You know I'm tender of the old place, where my eyes first saw the light, and the happiest boyhood in the world grew up into youth.'

'It is natural and right you should be,' rejoined the lady, looking up with a smile from her sewing. 'I wish you might find some good, careful tenant who'd make light and life about the old place, for I can't bear to walk past it now and think of desolate, lonely rooms, and the great garden running to weeds.'

'If I could find just the right sort of a family,' pursued Mr. Marvyn, 'I'd give the rent for taking care of the house and grounds, but to find the right kind of one—that's the rub!'

'Father!'

'Well, my son.'

'Henry and Charles Gresham are going down to Old Point bridge this afternoon, in the boat, and Isaac's going to row; mayn't I go with them—we shall have a good time.'

'O Frank, I'm afraid to trust you on the water, spoke up the mother, suddenly, and her eyes were full of tenderness and solicitude, as they dropped upon her boy—her only and beautiful boy—Francis Marvyn.'

'O, mother,' with the eager expostulatory tone of an impatient and petted son, 'there is not the least danger in the world. Mr. Gresham says he would trust his boys with him anywhere. Do, father, please say I may go.'

Mr. Marvyn had a vein of sympathy with his son's aquatic tastes. 'Well, if you will promise to take care of yourself, and not get into mischief or harm, take my consent and be off.'

Frank Marvyn seized his hat with a shout of triumph, and dashed out of the door, while his mother said with a little sigh, 'I shan't take a minute's comfort, my dear, from the moment he's gone.'

'Nonsense, Sara. You women are always letting your nerves get the better of you. What's the use in making a girl of him? Boys are like ducks, always taking to water, and it's best to let them have their own way.'

Mrs. Marvyn tried to satisfy herself with this common sense logic, but it did not satisfy the anxious, yearning heart of the mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marvyn were in the meridian of their life, wealthy, intelligent and cultivated people. They lived in the pleasant old country town, which was Mr. Marvyn's birthplace, and where he had resolved to bring up his only son.

Frank Marvyn was entering his fourteenth year; he was a petted, but not a spoiled child; wild, generous, impulsive, a little irritable and fond of having his own way, with a faint perception of all the trials, and discipline, and sorrows which are the birthright of every human soul, and through whose shadowy paths we must all walk, blessed be God! if he will go to the mountains upon whose shining summits falls the light of eternal peace.

'John, don't things look any brighter?'

'No, they are getting darker and darker. I'm getting clear disengaged, Rachel.'

'O, don't say that; it's always darkest before day-light.' It was a soft, cheerful voice which spoke now, just such a one as goes down into a man's heart, and makes light and hope where all was before doubt and despondency.

Mrs. Warren cut off the tops of the radishes, and pushed them down into the glass with her little skilful hands. She was a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced woman, and many cares and trials had not eaten out the hope and trust from her heart, for it was 'found ed upon a rock.'

And by the table, watching the bright, quick movements, sat the husband of Mrs. Warren—tall, weather-

beaten, sun-browned; and the thin cheeks, and the pallor which pervaded his face, at once made him an object of sympathy, for he presented the sad spectacle of a man in the prime of his years, hopelessly broken down in health.

'Have you seen Mr. Russell?' pursued Mrs. Warren, as she gathered up the radishes, and now there was a shade of anxiety in her tone, and her face repeated it.

'Yes, Mary, I have been to see him, and don't find any hook to hang on; the house will have to go, I expect.'

'O, father, don't say that!'

The words leaped right out of poor Mrs. Warren's heart, as though a blow had struck it, and so there had.

'It's the hardest thing in my life to do it, Rachel, but there is no help for it as I see. Mr. Russell advised me to go see Squire Turner, and try to do something with him, but I know the man too well. He'll fulfil his threat, and foreclose this month, and what will become of us then, God in his mercy only knows! Everything is going wrong with me since I had that fall from the barn-loft three years ago. I have not seen a well day since that time, and the fever last winter finished up the matter. I'm a sick, ruined man, at the mercy of one whose heart is harder than a mill stone.'

Poor Mrs. Warren; little, brave, patient, long-suffering woman that she was, she tried to keep the tears back, but they came in spite of her.

'Well, father, you have got me anyhow.'

It was a young sweet voice, tremulous with feeling along all the words, which spoke now, and a pair of soft, sweet, plump arms were wrapped suddenly about Joseph Warren's neck, and a little brown head nestled down on his breast. The sick, disheartened man looked down on the young, sweet face, and a smile flickered across his own.

'My little girl,' he said, 'father can't consider himself a ruined man as long as he has got you.'

'And you have got me and Horace, too; and we're worth a great deal more than a thousand houses would be, without us, you know.'

'That's a fact, little Blossom. I don't want a thousand houses, but only one little roof, under which to shelter my little flock.'

And while this scene was going on under the humble roof of the farmer, his only son, a boy of fifteen, had just placed his pikestaff in a half filled basket by his side, on the bank of the river. The boy was humming a tune, and congratulating himself on his good luck that afternoon, when a wild shriek a little way down the river, which was full of curves and bends, suddenly smote along the still afternoon air, and made the boy's heart stand still a moment with terror; for it was a shriek of several voices full of sudden fright and wild agony, and it was no wonder the boy grew pale as that cry broke and filled the silence. But it was only for a moment. The heart of Horace Warren was a brave and generous one; and he threw down his fishing rod and started in the direction of the shriek, with fear that some one had fallen into the river.

Turning a sharp curve, he suddenly descried two boys in the middle of the stream, slowly making for the shore, which required their utmost exertions, for just there the current was rapid. Horace Warren was an expert swimmer, and in a moment his coat was off, and he dashed into the river and swam towards the boys, whom he recognized as the sons of a doctor who resided about two miles from his father's.

'Keep up your courage, boys,' he shouted. 'I'll help you to shore.'

'We can take care of ourselves, only find Frank Marvyn,' shouted the boys. Horace did not comprehend them. He looked up and down the river, and saw the pretty boat rising and falling on the bright waves, and the next moment he saw a face rising only a little way from him, and a pair of arms were thrust wildly into the air.

Horace Warren rushed forward; the head had gone down, but a strong arm plunged after it and seized the long hair and drew it to the surface once more.

The river was narrow, and it was well, for had it been otherwise Horace Warren could never have got to shore with his burden; but he did, and laid it there, unconscious, panting, and exhausted himself, while the other two boys gained the bank and fell down unable to utter a syllable. Horace shrieked for help, and looking at the white, wet face pillow'd on the grass, he feared that life had gone out of it, and lifting the boy, he staggered towards his father's house.

He had gone only a few rods when he was met by Dr. Gresham's gardener, who had heard Horace's shriek.

Horace said but a few words to the frightened man,

'The other boys are safe on the bank, but I fear this one is drowned. Carry him quick to my father's, and we'll bring him back if there's any life in him.'

And fairly stepped with fright, the man obeyed, only uttering incoherent ejaculations.

It was a strange group that burst upon the trio in the farmer's kitchen. First came Horace, pale and drenched, and after him the gardener with the lifeless figure in his arms. Mr. and Mrs. Warren were practical people. They wasted at this crisis few words in sympathy, but, with a brief explanation from Horace, his mother set herself about restoring the youth, if yet a spark of life remained in that limp, drooping figure.

They laid it on the lounge, and chased the delicate limbs, and bathed the temples, and forced open the white lips and poured spirits down them, with faces that were as white as fear as the face beneath them.

For a long time there was no sign of life, but at last the muscles about the mouth moved and Mrs. Warren burst into tears of joy and gratitude. 'Oh, we've saved him, we've saved him,' she cried.

But it was an hour later before Francis Marvyn opened his eyes, and then they wandered wildly from one to another of the strange faces about him. 'The river is very cold,' he muttered. 'What will my poor mother say when she hears of it! I ought not to have gone off with the boys,' and here he fainted again; but this time they knew that the cold shadow of the King of Death had passed by, and out of its very jaws had been snatched the life of Francis Marvyn.

(To be concluded next week.)

## VARIETIES.

A barrel of sorghum syrup stowed away in Michigan five years ago is a barrel of dry sugar now.

A soldier was killed at Saratoga Springs by inhaling the vapour, while reaching within the curb for a pitcher of water.

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that 'persons, sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.'

A movement is on foot to double the annual salary of the President of the United States, which at present is \$25,000.

'Mr. Lincoln,' says an unsatisfied American newspaper, 'seems bent upon accomplishing two things—to make all our money green, and everything else blue.'

A Scotch paper says the want of a lock-up has long been felt by the respectable portion of the community!

An ancient horn, said to be the gift of King Alfred, is still blown every night at Ripon, England, at the hour of nine. The maintenance of the city charter depends upon keeping up this ancient custom.

The cup and chest of Alexander Selkirk, the world-famed Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, have lately become the property of a gentleman in London. These interesting relics have hitherto remained in the possession of Selkirk's descendants, in Largo, Fife, where he was born. The cup was put upon a stalk and mounted with silver by Sir Walter Scott. It is made of cocoanut and rudely carved. The chest is very heavy, and is said to be a curious piece of workmanship.

The actual surplus revenue of the United Kingdom beyond the actual expenditure thereof, for the year ended the 30th day of June, 1868, amounted to the sum of £1,169,263. Of this surplus £236,446 has been applied towards the reduction of the National Debt.

On Desolation Island, southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, fossil shellfish and whales have been discovered on a mountain 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The inconvenience of crinoline has been found so great in the Staffordshire potteries that the principal manufacturers—Messrs. Copeland, Messrs. Minton and others—have forbidden the use of crinolines on their premises during the hours of work. In one shop alone, the losses by breakage of articles swept down by them amounted to £200 a year. The workshops became too small, and the work was impeded. The workwomen have submitted to the change with almost entire unanimity and good will.

The flute with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in the possession of Mr. Howell, tailor, Gainsborough, England. In appearance it is not unlike the leg of a stool—out of which, it is said, Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it.

# THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

No. 52. MADOC, (HASTINGS CO., C.W.) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Important news has been received from Gen. Burnside's department. On the 14th inst., Gen. Longstreet, after crossing the Tennessee river, was attacked by Burnside, who drove the advance guard back to within a mile of the river's edge by nightfall. Longstreet crossed the remainder of his troops during the night, and in the morning advanced on Burnside, who fell back. Notwithstanding the assurances previously sent North that Burnside's position was impregnable, the Federals were soon forced, after some attempts to make a stand against the enemy, from one position to another, fairly back to Knoxville. Some desperate hand to hand conflicts occurred, in which sabres and revolvers were used on both sides. In one of the fights, the Federals lost between two and three hundred men, and in another about one hundred and fifty. Knoxville is completely invested by the Confederates, but Burnside will defend it to the last man. His troops are represented as in the best spirits, and still confident of their ability to whip the enemy, in the great battle which was believed to be impending.

At Chattanooga, Gen. Sherman's entire corps had formed a junction with the right wing of Gen. Grant's army. The Confederates retain their position on Lookout Mountain, from which it was alleged they were so easily dislodged, and their battery there has been vigorously shelling the Federal camps within range. Shells were also occasionally thrown into the town, but no casualties had resulted from the fire. Bragg's reported 'retreat southwards' is now contradicted. He is said to be receiving heavy reinforcements, and the road from Chickamauga station for eight miles south is reported to be lined with rebel camps. There seems to be no intention on the part of the Confederates to yield possession of any more territory in that quarter without a desperate struggle, or to allow Grant to march unopposed on Rome and Atlanta, to seize on their important arsenals and foundries.

Occasional skirmishes occur between the forces of Mende and Lee, but the late rains have caused a great rise in the Rappahannock, so that the roads and fords being impassable, contemplated operations have been delayed. One half of Lee's army, it is stated, has gone to Hanover Junction, in the direction of Richmond, and the other half has gone towards Lynchburg, with the view of reinforcing the troops sent against Burnside, or covering their retreat in case of repulse.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter has been continued with obstinate pertinacity, until the walls have been entirely reduced and are past further injury. Under these circumstances, the expenditure of mortar shells and rifle shot by the thousand is looked upon, even by Northerners, as mere waste. The prospect for a speedy and general assault upon Charleston is by no means flattering.

The success on the Northern side, of Banks' unopposed landing in Texas, is counterbalanced by the confirmation of the defeat of Gen. Washburn's division, by a large Southern force, in the Teche District, Louisiana. The Federal loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 677. The Indiana Sixty-seventh Regiment was captured almost entire.

Confirmation of the terrible condition of the Federal prisoners at Richmond has been found in the fact that out of 350 paroled prisoners lately arrived

at Annapolis from Richmond, six died on the passage. One of the survivors stated that the average number of deaths in the Richmond hospitals is 48 a day. The starving prisoners on Belle Island have greedily devoured the carcasses of dogs that they were able to endure within their reach. The provisions sent from the North have been returned by the Confederate authorities, who would not allow them to be forwarded to the prisoners, several thousand of whom have been sent to Danville and Lynchburg. The conduct of the Southerners is justified by them on the ground that the U. S. Government refused to continue the exchange of prisoners, intending thereby to embarrass the South by forcing them to support a larger number of prisoners than the North had, and at the same time deprive them of the services of well-trained veterans. On this point, for the sake of the prisoners, the U. S. Government is urged to accede to any demands of the Confederates. Some attri-  
bute the severity of the South to a design to check volunteering, by giving the Northerners notice of what sort of treatment they may expect if taken prisoners.

terribly and dangerously crowded with troops. The humane Empress telegraphed a remonstrance to her grim husband, telling him that his soldiers were treated worse than negroes. Wise man that he is, he ordered a second vessel to relieve the first, and allowed the anecdote to be made known!

The most interesting part of the news is Louis Napoleon's speech, delivered by him personally at the opening of the French Chambers, on the 5th instant. It is of unusual length, as if his Majesty had a hard case to deal with—as in truth he had. There appears to be some difficulty on the part of the journals in interpreting its meaning—some regarding it as being indicative of peace, and a minority as significant of the very reverse.—Twice, in the mere introductory flourish, the Emperor thinks it well to remind the newly elected Deputies that they have sworn allegiance to him, which is a somewhat significant note upon the result of the elections. In the material affairs of the country a goodly show, industrial and financial, is made, whereby the commercial and mercantile classes, who possess more influence in France than they have credit for, ought to be propitiated.—And then, of foreign affairs, he observes:

"Assuredly the prosperity of our country will make more rapid progress if political preoccupations did not trouble it; but in the life of nations unforeseen and inevitable events happen, which ought to be looked at without fear, and supported without weakness. Of this number are the American war, the forced occupation of Mexico and Cochin China, the insurrection in Poland. Distant expeditions, which have been the subject of so much criticism, have not been the result of any premeditated plan; they have been brought about by the force of circumstances; and yet they are not to be regretted. How, in fact, could we develop our foreign commerce, if, on the one hand, we were to relinquish all influence in America; and if, on the other, in the presence of the vast territory occupied by the Spaniards and the Dutch, France was alone to remain without possessions in the seas of Asia? We have conquered a position in Cochin China, which, without subjecting us to the difficulties of the local government, will allow us to turn to account the immense resources of those countries, and to civilize them by commerce.—In Mexico, after an unexpected resistance, which the courage of our soldiers and of our sailors overcame, we have seen the population welcome us as liberators. Our efforts will not have been fruitless, and we shall be largely rewarded for our sacrifices when the destinies of that country, which will owe its regeneration to us, shall have been handed over to a prince whose enlightenment and high qualities render him worthy of so noble a mission. Let us, then, put faith in our expeditions beyond sea. Commenced to avenge our honour, they will terminate in the triumph of our interests; and if prejudiced minds will not see the promise of the seed sown for the future, let us not tarnish the glory achieved, so to say, at the two extremities of the world—at Pekin and in Mexico."

With respect to Poland, after lamenting that the disinterested counsels offered to Russia concerning the insurrection had been interpreted as an attempt to intimidate, he asks, "Are we reduced to the sole alternative of war?" And answers, "No! Without having recourse to arms, and without remaining silent, one means remains to us. It is to submit the Polish question to a European tribunal." After arguing in favour of convoking the powers of Europe to a Congress, he concludes by saying, "Two ways are open: the one leads to progress through conciliation and peace; the other, sooner or later, conducts fatally to war by the obstinacy of maintaining a past which is rolling away. You know now, gentlemen, the tone which I propose to adopt towards Europe; approved by you, sanctioned by the public assent, it cannot fail to be listened to, for I speak in the name of France."

It is said that, within the past two years, the two sections of the United States have spent, in twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars, and have lost, by battle and disease, half a million of their population.

The Queen has returned from Balmoral to Windsor Castle. The journey, of nearly 600 miles, was performed in 20 hours.

# THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

A Weekly Journal of Local and General Information.

Will be Published every Saturday Morning, at Two Cents a Copy, or One Dollar a Year, STRICTLY in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:—

Six lines, first insertion	50
Each subsequent insertion	12½
Six to ten lines, first insertion	70
Each subsequent insertion	16
Above ten lines (per line) first insertion	07
Each subsequent insertion, per line	02

All Communications for the MERCURY to be addressed, (post paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, Madoc Post Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, Madoc, where Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their copies, and orders for the paper and advertisements will willingly be received.

■■■ SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The Brussels correspondent of the Morning Post, referring to the King of the Belgians, says:—"His Majesty's return to his dominions is expected in a few days. It is stated to be his intention to visit Her Majesty Queen Victoria early next month: There is a rumour afloat that the main object of his journey to England is to advise with his Royal niece upon a matter of especial interest to herself, and deeply affecting her Majesty's future domestic happiness."

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.—It may possibly become a question at no distant period what may be the title of the Prince of Wales's eldest son, and curiously enough there are not many precedents to serve as a guide. The eldest sons of peers bear by courtesy the second title of their fathers, but there is no precedent for the eldest son of the Prince of Wales being designated either Duke of Cornwall or Earl of Chester, probably from the peculiar feudal nature of those peerages. It is suggested that the eldest son of the present Prince of Wales may be called Earl of Dublin, which the Prince himself was created by patent in 1849.



## THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

The present Number completes the first year of the publication of the MADOC MERCURY, and we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say a few words about our experience and prospects. Commencing in the midst of "hard times,"—arising from a succession of deficient harvests, and the entire cessation of American custom, caused by the civil war,—more unfavourable period could scarcely have been found for starting a local newspaper. But notwithstanding this drawback, we have met with a larger measure of support than was generally expected we should do, as very few persons in this locality believed that there was an opening for such an enterprise, either in the matter of advertising—on which all newspapers mainly depend for support—or of local intelligence enough to furnish a weekly supply. Yet in fact, not a week has passed, we think, without the occurrence of something of more or less local interest to report. If the establishment of the MERCURY has had no other effect, it has at any rate led our (comparatively) venerable contemporary the *Intelligencer* to give more prominence to, and more of, Madoc news than to that of any other Township in the County.

This is decidedly complimentary to the rising importance of Madoc, and in that respect at least deserves this passing notice. But it is in the growing appreciation of the value of the MERCURY as a medium of local advertising that we find the most encouragement. So recent a period ago as 1860, when the *Hastings Directory* was published, out of the seventy-one pages of advertisements in that faithful index of the then condition of the County, but three were devoted to Madoc advertisements. These three pages contained only five separate notices, and of the five advertisers, but one firm still retains its connection with the village—that of A. F. Wood & Co. Comparing this recent meagre array with the present show of advertisements in the columns of the MERCURY, we need offer no better proof that it has become an acknowledged local institution, and that the position which it has won in the public estimation is recognized by generally the best judges in such a matter, namely, those who understand the utility of advertising.

## THE AMERICAN WAR.

The war-party at the North, in view of the growing discontent of the working classes at the sufferings inflicted by the war, are clamouring for another victory some where, in the hope that it will finally crush the military power of the rebellion. Accordingly for the last few days, the public have been led to believe that the army of the Potowmac was again on the move—was once more "on to Richmond"; but the latest despatches do not confirm the report of such a movement. In Tennessee, Gen. Grant has been impelled, by the perilous position in which Burnside is placed at Knoxville, to attempt a diversion in his favour, by attacking Bragg near Chattanooga. The Northern accounts of the fighting going on there are as glowing as usual in the first instance, and the Southerners are again alleged to have been driven from Lookout Mountain. No doubt Grant will make desperate efforts to achieve a victory, but it remains to be seen whether he is equal to the emergencies of the situation.

## Death of an Old Resident.

ROBERT COOPER, Esq., a resident for the last thirty-five years of the Allen Settlement, in this Township, died, after a short illness, at his residence, on Tuesday, the 24th instant. His remains were followed on Thursday to their last resting place by a large concourse of relatives and acquaintances.

Mr. Cooper survived but a short interval another old inhabitant—the late William Allen, Esq. Both came into the Township about the same time; both became Justices of the Peace; both were Elders of the Presbyterian Church, and contributed liberally to the erection of a church, which they lived to see completed in the midst of an extensive settlement that was a wilderness when they first entered it, and which remains as a monument of the integrity of their lives and their zeal in the cause of the Gospel; and both died, at nearly four-score years of age, universally regretted, and leaving a large number of descendants.

Nor IDENTIFIED.—On Friday last, Wellington Zwick was brought before A. F. Wood, W. H. Tumilty, and John Dale, Esq.s, charged with stealing a set of harness from the barn of Mr. Oscar Bristol, on the night of the 19th instant. He was defended by Mr. Green, and the complainant not being able

to identify him as one of the men he saw running from the barn, he was accordingly discharged.

FINED FOR OBSTRUCTING A CONSTABLE.—Lawrence Conley, Senior, was then charged with obstructing Constable J. Bateman in the execution of his duty, while endeavouring to apprehend the other parties charged with the above offence. Bateman, on going to Conley's, was told that the persons he was in search of, were in the barn. On proceeding there, he was met at the door by the defendant, who prevented his entrance for a sufficient length of time to enable the persons sought for to make their escape some other way. While Bateman was prosecuting his search in the dark, after getting into the barn, defendant went back to his house, and refused admission to the constable and his assistant for three hours, leading them to suppose their intended prisoners were there, while in reality they availed themselves of the delay thus occasioned to get away from the neighbourhood. For this the defendant was fined \$2 and costs.

THREATENING TO ASSAULT, &c.—On the 23rd inst. Jacob Declaré was brought before A. F. Wood and J. Dale, Esq.s, on the complaint of N. H. Bristol, Esq., who charged the defendant with having used threatening and abusive language to him on the afternoon of the 19th inst. Mr. Bristol was at a bee at George Declaré's, where he met the defendant, who at supper time began to abuse him, shaking his fist in complainant's face, and threatening to strike him, at the same time using violent and most insulting language. Several witnesses corroborated Mr. Bristol's statement, and the defendant was fined \$2, and the further sum of \$6.40 costs.

HOUSE BLOWN DOWN.—During the prevalence of the heavy gale of wind on Tuesday night, a small house which was being erected for Mr. Whytock, on that part of the Russell estate which is at some future day to be Nelson street, was blown down by the violence of the wind. The accident was caused by the roof being put on before all the sides were boarded up. The damage was repaired with Yankee celerity.

THE DRILL CLASS continues to meet every evening in the upper room of the North American Hotel. The number of members increases, and they are making decided progress already. Their exercises and evolutions are generally witnessed by a number of interested spectators.

## By the City of Baltimore.

The U. S. steamer Kearsage, which was ordered from Queenstown, sailed on the 5th inst., and during such bad weather that it was inferred her departure was insisted upon. It was believed she was shipping men, ostensibly as stokers, but it was supposed for more active services.

Lord Palmerston, in a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, deplored the American War. He said that England would have interfered but for the belief that it would have been in vain. She, therefore, would yield neither to blandishments nor menaces; but would remain strictly neutral. Regarding Poland, he said England had done her duty by remonstrating. But although these remonstrances failed, he hoped Russia would cease to pursue an offensive course.

Lord Palmerston's reception was significantly enthusiastic.

The Emperor's proposal for a European Congress engrosses universal attention. Fifteen Powers are invited. No official advices have yet been received; but it is supposed that a greater number will acquiesce in the scheme. The English Cabinet was holding a meeting to consider its answer. The Times sees no objection to England's joining. Napoleon says his sole object is to arrive without shock at the pacification of Europe.

The Correspondencia of Madrid contradicts officially a report, which appeared in a Paris journal, that Spain was about to send 10,000 troops to Rome in the place of the French troops.

The Grand-Duke Constantine has been relieved of



## HOME.

In passing through the changing scenes,  
With which our lives abound,  
How often sorrow intervenes,  
And darkens all around.

But when the home of love and peace  
Within our lot appears,  
It tends to makequiet cease,  
And mitigate our fears.

When on the raging billows toss'd,  
And ready to despair,  
Our hearts feel desolate and lost,  
With none our grief to share:

When far remote in foreign climes,  
We have no friendly ties,  
Our home, with all its happy times,  
In deep remembrance lies.

And when in strange abodes we dwell,  
And far away we roam,  
Experience often proves too well  
No place there is like home.

O lovely home! with galleless gies,  
With smiling plente crown'd,  
No greater earthly bliss we see  
Than is within thee found.

## A TENANT WANTED.

(Concluded.)

You need not look into the lady's face. You would have known by the voice that it could belong to no other but his mother.

Mrs. Warren did not speak one word. She led the lady to his bedroom, where her son lay with his eyes closed, and his face white as the snowy pillows on which it rested.

"O, Frank, my boy!" and he opened his eyes and smiled in her face, and then he saw his father standing by his mother's side; and a few moments later the doctor entered, and when he had examined Francis Marvyn, he pronounced him "greatly exhausted, but out of all manner of danger."

"Who was it that saved my boy?" asked Mr. Marvyn, and his voice shook along the words.

And nobody answered till the gardener spoke, pointing to Horace. "It was he that did it all; sir; he pulled the lad out of the water, and brought him to the shore."

"You shall not repent this day's work, my boy," said the gentleman, and his wife seized Horace by the hand, and called him through her sobbing the preserver of the life of her son.

And at that moment Charles and Henry Gresham presented themselves at the door. A few words revealed the cause of the accident which had come so near costing Francis Marvyn his life.

It appeared that the gardener had left the boys in search of another pair of oars, promising to return in half an hour. They rashly took it into their heads to row into the middle of the river, and as each knew very little about managing the boat, they became somewhat alarmed and in their efforts to return they upset the boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvyn had only learned a part of these facts from Isaac, who had hurried off to acquaint them with the accident, as soon as he had seen Francis safely deposited at the Warrens'. It was not thought best to remove the boy for several days after his escape from drowning; and the fright which his mother experienced gave her a severe shock that she was unable to leave her room for a week.

But the boy had the best care with his kind hostess, and the sweet face of Ellen Warren hovered about his bedside; and the gleam of her brown hair was like the flash of morning sunbeams; and her little cool hands bathed his temples and smoothed his pillows, and her voice fell soft upon his ear, as the voices of the spring birds fall on weary sufferers in sick and darkened chambers.

And one day, sitting by his side, the boy noticed that the soft, falling voice of the little girl grew still, and that a shadow of anxiety and sadness crept into the eyes and all over the young sweet face.

"What are you thinking about, Ellen?"

She lifted her eyes, blue as panes in the meadows, and the tears brimmed them. "I was thinking how hard it would be one of these days to leave our old home, and what will become of us then."

"Why, Ellen, what are you going to leave home for?"

She shook her head, and out into light and back into shadow swept the waves of her golden brown hair.

"You see, papa has had a great deal of trouble, and somehow Squire Turner has got our house into his hands, and we shall have to leave it in a little while, because papa can't raise the money to pay the mortgage, and you don't know how it is troubling us all."

Francis Marvyn pursued the matter till he gained a clear idea of all the facts of the case; then he lay still a while, his pale face settled into a strange gravity, as he kept counsel with his own thoughts.

Atlast he looked up in sudden brightness. "Don't feel bad any more, Ellen. If that wicked old fellow gets your house away, I know of another a great deal nicer than this, with a beautiful garden, and white roses clambering all around the portico, that I think you can get."

"You do!" exclaimed Ellen, her eyes like panes, wide with wonder. "How can you get it?"

"O, just leave that to me. It's such a pretty white wood house, with green blinds, large and old fashioned, you know; but just the place to suit you."

"Mayn't I tell papa and mamma?"

"Oh, no, you mustn't breathe a word to anybody in the world 'bout it yet awhile; promise that you won't now."

"I won't breathe a word about it, true as I live and breathe and draw a single breath," soliloquized the child, with a solemn emphasis on every syllable. And she was a conscientious child. She kept her word.

"It seems good to have you back again, my child," said Mrs. Marvyn, putting her white hand fondly through the thick chestnut locks of her son, and playing with them; and looking in her face, her husband knew that his wife's thoughts were going back to the time when she saw them lying all wet and draggled on the pillow.

"Come, come," he said, looking from the pale face of the mother to the pale face of the son, "I can't have two invalids on my hands at once. What in the world shall I do with you both?"

"We shall be quite equal to taking care of ourselves in a day or two, shan't we, Frank?"

"Yes, mother," but she scarcely heard what he said, sitting in the long arm chair by the window, through which the cool evening wind came to flutter his hair.

"What are you thinking about, Frank?" asked his father.

"I was wondering whether you had got a tenant for the house, father."

"No; what put that into your head?"

And then Francis Marvyn related to his interested parents the touching story which little Ellen Warren had told him sitting by his bedside, and he concluded, "It struck me, papa, that they would be just the tenants you would like to take care of our house; and you know Horace Warren saved my life."

"I know it, bless the boy! His father shall have the house. That is a bright idea of yours."

"Don't wait, father, see about it at once," interposed Mrs. Marvyn.

"I'll ride over to-morrow, Sara."

Mr. Marvyn was as good as his word. He was not too early. Squire Turner had called on Mr. Warren that very day to inform him that he must leave the premises in a very short time, and the sick man and his sorrowing family were overwhelmed with the glad tidings which Mr. Marvyn brought them, with their tears of joy and gratitude. A few weeks later and they were settled in the pleasant old homestead, and the dawn of a fairer life began for them, beneath its roof.

Farmer Warren's health improved, with the burden of care and anxiety removed from his spirits—and his small and thrifty family managed to obtain a comfortable livelihood from the cultivation of the garden and the grounds about the old homestead.

Horace Warren and Francis Marvyn were the best of friends, and the former gave such indications of talent that Mr. Marvyn assisted him to enter college.

The young men graduated together, while under the old homestead Ellen Warren blossomed into a beautiful, and what is far better, a good and noble woman.

And in less than three years after he had graduated, Francis Marvyn took to wife the daughter of his father's tenant, and Ellen Warren went out from the old homestead, which had been her husband's grandfather's, to the new home, whose joy and light and ministering angel she was to become.

DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!—A lady whose style of piety was somewhat affected, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers more objectionable than the artificial flowers in your bonnet?"—"Oh," replied the lady, "Christians must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at feathers!"

A THREAT DEFEATED.—The wife of one Baldwin, of Lynington, had sworn "to dance over his grave" if their matrimonial alliance not having been satisfactory to either party. To defeat his wife, Baldwin left junctions in his will that he should be buried in Scratchell's Bay, off the Needles, Isle of Wight. And he was so buried—on the 20th of May, 1786, as the Lynington parochial register clearly records.

to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and constituting herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience. ISAAC WALTON.

PADDY'S BLESSING.—A poor old Irish cradle sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers, with the eager and versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady—young, gay and handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life—crossed the bridge. They regarded, not the petitions of the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love and joy and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life." A pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humour, added, "and never overtake you."

## VARIETIES.

The safest and much the commonest way to steal, is to buy and not pay.

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but it is my opinion that the moon is worth two of it, for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it."

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said when addressing the jury from the dock.

The number of naturalized citizens residing in the United States at the present time, is stated at 4,136,000.

The three rules given, by the celebrated John Hunter for the rearing of healthy children, were, "plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

Mrs. Partington is delighted that Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with Foreign Greece. She says she always thought he had much better stick to his native Isle.

A woman, purchasing cups and saucers, was asked what colour she would have. "Why, I won't particular," says she; "any colour, that won't show the dirt."

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

"I wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, turning round upon his pillow.—"Well, I will try the water cure," said his wife, pouring a tumblerful over him.

A jealous woman at Washington coaxed her husband for dancing with a former sweetheart, and was fined \$5 for the assault and battery. What is the country coming to if a wife can't whip her own husband?

The Albany Argus states that there is a man who regularly visits one of the river towns and buys up all the cats that he can find, taking them to New York. The country people are in doubt whether they are bought for the furriers or the sausage makers.

A tree was recently cut down in California, the circumference of which was 90 feet, and its height 325 feet. The bark was, in some places, 4 feet thick. The tree contained 250,000 feet of timber. Its age is estimated at about 8,100 years. The wood was sound and solid.

An old writer says that, to make an entirely beautiful woman, it would be necessary to take the head from Greece, the bust from Austria, the feet from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England. As to the hands, he either thought they were alike all the world over, or else entirely overlooked them, as essential to feminine beauty, as he makes no mention of them.

DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!—A lady whose style of piety was somewhat affected, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers more objectionable than the artificial flowers in your bonnet?"—"Oh," replied the lady, "Christians must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at feathers!"

A THREAT DEFEATED.—The wife of one Baldwin, of Lynington, had sworn "to dance over his grave" if their matrimonial alliance not having been satisfactory to either party. To defeat his wife, Baldwin left junctions in his will that he should be buried in Scratchell's Bay, off the Needles, Isle of Wight. And he was so buried—on the 20th of May, 1786, as the Lynington parochial register clearly records.